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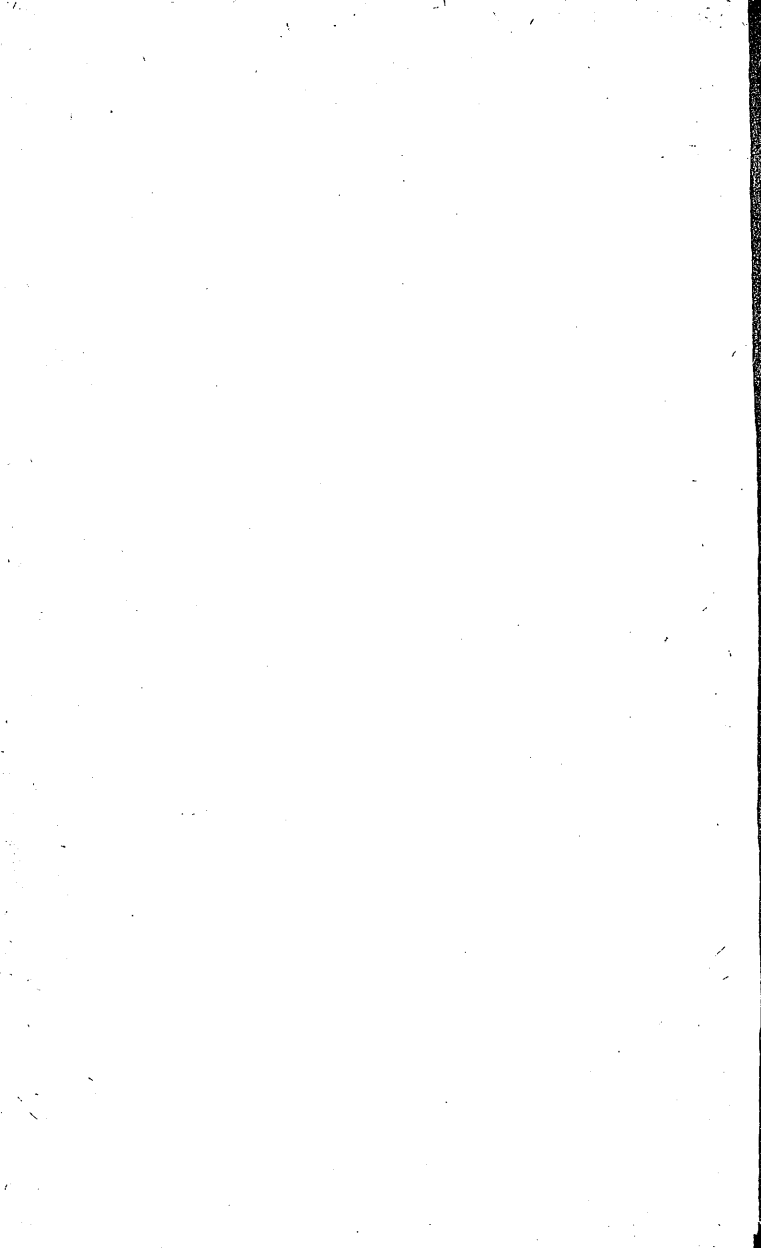


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BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THREE CHRISTMAS EVES," ETC.

Adapted from the German

BY
MRS. CORNELIA M'FADDEN.



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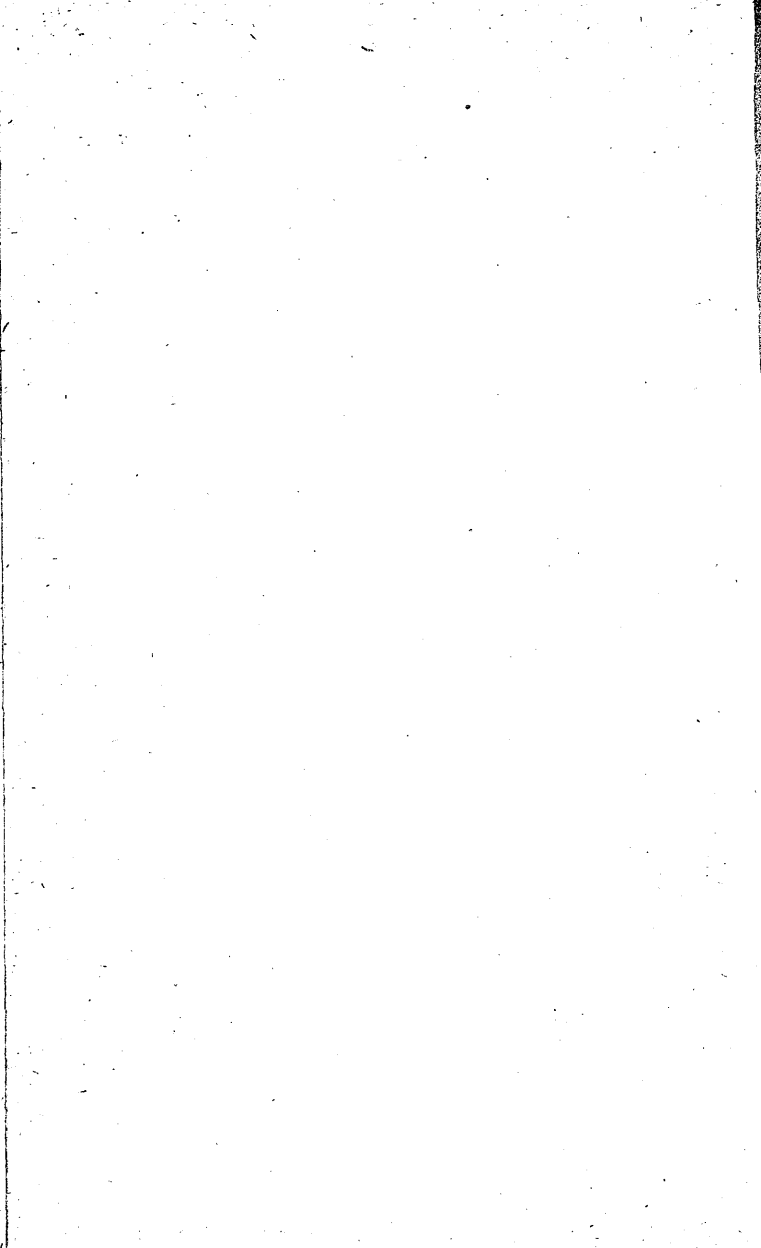
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I.

“WHAT a world, with all its sorrows!
What a scene, would it but stay;
What an earth, if all its morrows
Were as fair as this to-day!”

AT my age!’ My dear Margaret, I protest against any such allusions,” said a lady who was evidently in her sixtieth year. “Indeed, I would like to know which of us looks the elder.”

These words were uttered so comically that the person addressed could not help laughing.

“Dear aunt, you should prefer to remain here with us, instead of wanting to take a journey up the Rhine. There is no spot in the wide world so beautiful as this one,” said the laugher, persuasively.

“This *Steinfeld* beautiful! The very name is enough.”

“But why,” continued Margaret, somewhat tantalizingly, “why, then, have you remained our beloved guest for these past three months?”

"Why! why!" exclaimed the old lady, in comic rage. "O, you miserable sinners, to cast people's good deeds up to them in this way! As if I could be as happy anywhere else!"

"Now you are caught," replied Margaret, with delight; "that is just what I wanted to hear you say, dear aunt."

Then, with an entreating smile, she added:

"Do give up the Rhine journey, and stay two weeks longer with us."

"Child! child!" said the old travel-lover, who is none other than Mrs. Hesse, the widow of Major Hesse, "do let me go. You are right; I *am* growing old; but I would like to see the Rhine once more. You know the early associations that cluster around it attract me thither; besides, this may be my last opportunity."

"But you must not go alone," said Margaret, after a pause. "This gives me anxiety."

"Well, then, let me make a proposition," replied Mrs. Hesse. "Let me have Anna. If there are two of us, you will contemplate the journey more favorably."

"That child! Anna! Take a Rhine journey!" reiterated Margaret, slowly. "Well, I will see what her father says about it."

"And I will look for Anna, and unfold our plan to her."

"No, do n't do that, for if nothing comes of it I would spare her the pain of disappointment."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Hesse, vehemently, while every bow on her cap bobbed and fluttered for joy; "why should nothing come of it? Besides, I will broach the subject so adroitly she will not suspect any thing."

"Not suspect that she is to go up the Rhine with you? O aunt, you little know the heart of 'sweet sixteen.'"

"Throwing up my age again! Let me see. I am sixty-four, Anna is sixteen; that makes eighty years, just double your age, therefore twice as sensible. You see we are quite a respectable pair, and abundantly able to get through the world."

While Margaret is seeking her husband, and Mrs. Hesse her great-niece, let us look around us and see where we are. The parsonage at Steinfeld has been occupied for many years by Pastor Gendenberg, whose wife, Margaret, has already been introduced to us. Once the house resounded with the voices of happy children. Chubby little boys and rollicking girls tripped gayly up and down the stairs, fed the chickens in the yard, and gathered the fruits of the garden in their big aprons. A glad father's heart, and a fond mother's eye watched over the little

troop, which was never too lively or boisterous in their estimation. But as we go through the house to-day it is still and vacant. What has become of the merry little ones? Have they grown up? Are the sons out in the wide world exercising their gifts and putting in practice home precepts? Have the daughters married and established firesides of their own, where they reign as supremely as does their faithful mother? Ah, no! They are all together, not far from the old homestead. A few steps further on, and we enter the church-yard. There are five graves close beside each other. The green ivy has clambered over the marbles, but we can still trace the words: "Here lies Frau Gendenberg, æt 77." Next lies her husband. These must be the grand-parents. Then there are three little graves—"William Gendenberg," "Henry Gendenberg," "Emma Gendenberg." Ah, how much that is precious do these sacred places cover! Over them all is the inscription: "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.*" Yes, it has become very still in the house since these dear ones rest in their narrow beds. Only one child is left to the parents—Anna. She was so young when the deaths of her brothers and sisters occurred that they cast no shadow over her life.

She had always known the warmest parental love—a love concentrated upon one which would otherwise have been distributed among all. Her childhood had been very happy. Father and mother were such rare companions; for who could instruct like father, and who could tell such marvelously beautiful stories as mother? The earnest Bible stories and the misty fairy legends, did they not all live in Anna's soul? Then, too, there were plenty of children at Steinfeld for the romping girl to play with, and did not Aunt Lily from Burgdorf come every month with her boys and girls? And, above all, was not Aunt Hesse a most charming aunt? True, she lived at Berlin; but as surely as the trees blossomed, so surely she made her appearance every year at Steinfeld, where she was more longingly expected by Anna than even the nightingales in the bush. Yes, her life was a joyous one; and if she had a single wish unfulfilled, it was only that she might be a boy, and go out into the world, encounter thrilling adventures, and return home to relate them to her darling mother. But however much she acquired or experienced, the stubborn fact of being "only a girl" remained, and she lamented it to her mother one day with bitter tears.

"Be only a true, brave girl," was the reply,

given with a loving caress, "and you can be just as useful as if you were a man."

And Anna was a true, brave girl. Two natures seemed ingrafted into her being. One strong and energetic, that never stopped to consider self; the other a dreamy poetical one, into which the legends and maxims of olden times had so deeply interpenetrated, that even prosy Steinfeld was glorified into a thousand fanciful forms. Just now, Anna was sitting in the branches of an apple-tree, knitting in hand, now counting the stitches, then the apples, besides reading at intervals with rapt attention an old fairy book.

"Anna! Anna! where are you?" resounded through the garden. She listened; it was Aunt Hesse's voice. She was approaching the tree without discovering her. Anna kept as still as a mouse.

"Anna, Anna! We are going to take a Rhine journey!"

"What?" cried a voice from above.

"O you mischievous bird," exclaimed Aunt Hesse, "we—that is to say, I—myself—am going to have a trip—but that is nothing to you!"

In the twinkling of an eye, Anna was out of the tree. Breathless, and with glowing cheeks, she stood before the old lady.

"Aunt, aunt! is it possible? Aunt, can I go with you?"

Vanished was the boasted prudence of Mrs. Hesse. She was always powerless in the hands of this child. "Yes, indeed, my darling, you may go with me." But she had reason to repent her rash candor; for the excited girl caught her in her arms so firmly that the old lady feared she was finished for all journeys forever.

At length Anna released her, and regardless of the fate of her victim, sprang away to her parents to learn if the news were really true. She found them both in the "study," a place she always entered with a feeling akin to reverential awe, for which reason it was called "the temperate zone" by the other members of the family.

"Father, mother, is it true that I am really to take a Rhine journey?" she asked as calmly as possible. The parents contemplated their daughter with pleasure. She was not beautiful, but there was something so attractive about her, one could not help loving her.

"My child, why do you want to take a Rhine journey?" said Pastor Gendenberg laughing. "There is nothing to be seen there."

"O papa," interrupted Anna, "the Rhine?—the Rhine?" she hesitated, dropped her eyes as if her anticipated pleasures were not altogether certain after all.

"Well, what? The Rhine is nothing but a

geographical myth ending in *sand*,"* added the father.

"But, papa, it certainly will not end in sand to me," replied Anna beseechingly.

"But if we consent," said her mother, "it will be that you may prove a faithful companion to Aunt Hesse."

Just then the latter entered the room panting, and prudently keeping out of Anna's reach. At length every thing was decided, and the young girl went around the house as if in a dream. She was not only to travel for the first time, but go to a spot which her imagination had gilded with every thing that was beautiful and poetical on earth. Finally, she determined to "pack up" immediately, and the first steps thereunto, after further consideration, resulted in taking her worn shoes to the village cobbler for repairs.

*The Rhine at its mouth branches out like the Nile, and separates into such thread-like streams that it literally seems to be almost lost in the sand.



II.

"PRAISE Him, O praise him, ye soft flowing fountains,
Amid the lone valleys, go, murmur your song;
Uplift the loud anthem, ye thunder-voiced mountains,
Let peak answer peak, and re-echo the song!"

THE boat moved slowly up the Rhine. People from the north, south, east, and west, seemed animated by one feeling. All enjoyed the beauty of the scenery and expressed themselves enthusiastically, whether they looked upon it for the first time, or whether it revived old associations. Mrs. Hesse, too, was in an unusual mood. Many years had elapsed since she had here met and loved the gallant young lieutenant, Dedo Hesse. It had so happened that until now she had never revisited the spot, and she longed to experience a revival of old associations, but could scarcely be reconciled to the changes that had meanwhile occurred. It was fortunate that Anna was with her, else the old lady might have yielded herself up wholly to gloomy fancies. The fresh, blooming face of

this child, with its expression of unalloyed pleasure, recalled her to the present.

At length the boat landed for a brief rest and to receive new passengers. Every body pressed towards the narrow plank that united boat and shore. Mrs. Hesse was among the first to cross it. Anna attempted to follow, but was crowded back by some young students, who scarcely noticed her. Just before her was a tall youth, who was evidently not taking much heed to his steps, being absorbed in the beautiful prospect around him. He made a misstep and would in all probability have fallen into the shallow water, if Anna had not at that instant seized his hand and prevented it. Recovering his equilibrium he said:

"Thank you, thank you, brother student; you have spared me a Rhine-bath;" but looking up more calmly, he found himself gazing into the blushing face of a fair young girl. Springing ashore he extended his hand to her, and said: "Thank you, miss; it was you, then? O, I ought to be heartily ashamed of myself."

"I beg your pardon," replied Anna, with some confusion; "but I could not see you fall."

"No, certainly not; I would have done the same thing myself," was the frank reply.

Anna recovered her self-possession and began

to look after Aunt Hesse, who had by this time reached a safe stand-point and was searching eagerly for her *protégée*. The latter quickly withdrew her hand from the young student, saying:

"My aunt is waiting for me," and was soon at her side.

"Child, what detained you?" asked Mrs. Hesse.

"I was pushed back by the crowd," said Anna, cheerfully.

"O this rude crowd," replied the old lady. "It is a specimen of the young men of modern times. How very different they were in my time."

Soon after, all were again on board, moving up the river. O what might these waves not have spoken! And these grand old mountains, what secrets might they not have revealed! The ivy-grown ruins needed no voice; they uttered to those who looked understandingly upon them long, long histories. Dear Lady Hesse, do you hear any thing of all this? Alas! it must be regretfully recorded that she is comfortably seated in a large camp-stool, cosily napping. When the good old lady awakened, some time after, and was chatting merrily with her niece, the young student who had been rescued from the water approached them very respectfully, cap in hand, and began

to comment on the exceeding beauty of the way. Mrs. Hesse observed him with a look of astonishment, as if she regarded him guilty of great impropriety; but recovering herself, she said in a constrained manner:

“You are doubtless taking a little pleasure trip?”

“Quite a mistake, madame. After happily finishing my studies, I am just on the point of introducing to my mother her son, and a newly fledged theologian. I am Mentor for both, and it is no easy task to take home safely this eccentric pair.”

“And where is this home?” Mrs. Hesse ventured to ask.

“In dear Silesia. Unfortunately I have not studied my geography recently and have fallen upon a long route. I thought the Rhine had its rise in Silesia, and if I only kept going up I should get home at last,” he said rubbing his hands cheerily.

Anna laughed heartily. Mrs. Hesse was also amused, but was not quite sure that such familiarity was respectful enough toward ladies; so she resolved to sacrifice her pleasure to her dignity, and broke off the conversation with a few short phrases.

The farther they journeyed, the more beauti-

ful were the scenes unfolded to the enraptured travelers. At length all were wearied even with delight, and concluded to land in an attractive spot and take lodgings for the night. Mrs. Hesse was gratified to see Anna so delighted. The young girl had never been so happy in her life before. There was a wonderful being in the depths of her soul as yet undeveloped. She needed little to develop it. Education and social culture had done so much for her that she did not require the aid of external worldly excitement to complete her happiness. Her joy was rather from within, outward. But when a cup so full of pleasure was pressed to her lips as this one had been to-day, she drank it eagerly, though it did not intoxicate her.

Not far from the hotel, where our travelers decided to pass the night, stood an old castle in ruins, beautifully overgrown with ivy. Thither Aunt Hesse and Anna bent their steps late in the evening. The gate was readily opened to them, and both enjoyed the fine view that greeted their vision.

"Can any one ascend the ruin?" inquired Anna of the old porter.

"O yes; the steps are perfectly safe," he replied, "and travelers usually test them, as the view is much finer from within."

"Please, auntie, let us go," begged Anna.

"Child, what are you thinking about? Ascend such broken-down steps? By no means!"

"But may I not go alone?"

"Why, certainly not."

But finally Mrs. Hesse could not resist the entreaties of her darling, and after the old castellan had again assured her of the safety of the steps, and Anna had promised to go no further than the second story, with many admonitions she consented.

Anna clambered up nimbly. Everywhere through the cracks of the old stones grew moss and grass, while overhead gleamed the majestic heavens "fretted with golden fire." All calm and resplendent! Alas! the first flight had been climbed—further she dared not go. Stepping aside she entered an old apartment and rushed to a window opening. She could scarcely repress an exclamation of delight. At her feet flowed the Rhine, deep and still, while the moon glimmered through the trees a short distance beyond. How much more beautiful than the full glare of sunshine! Aunt Hesse was beginning to grow anxious, when her niece came springing into her presence. Both praised God for his glorious creations, and leaving the ruin returned to the hotel along the river side. Here they were again

met by the frank Silesian, who said, very ingenuously:

"I would be glad to accompany you back as it is growing dark, but I have my boat with me. I have been enjoying myself greatly. I will, however, secure it and overtake you."

"We prefer to go alone," Mrs. Hesse was about to reply, very frigidly; but, looking up into the candid face before her, her tones modified and became quite friendly. A brief good-bye followed—no, can it be possible? The aunt could not but observe that her niece accepted the young student's proffered hand, and bade him a very cordial farewell. When they were alone Mrs. Hesse drew a long breath and said:

"Child, who is this?"

"I am sure I do not know, dear aunt."

"Not know! And have you never been introduced?" cried the old lady, in astonishment.

But, in the midst of all her misgivings, she could not conceal the impression that, after all, there was a freshness and ingenuousness of which city people, trammelled and restrained by barriers of propriety and caste as they are, had no conception. Finally, sleep put an end to all thinking. Every thing must have end—even a Rhine journey.



III.

"BE good, sweet child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
So thou shalt make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

ANNA is at home again, and the Rhine journey lies in the distance like a bright, beautiful dream. But its experiences form a rich fund of pleasure to herself and her friends. Unwittingly her descriptions of the trip made every thing more beautiful than it really was. This was not so much imagination on her part, for she was, on the whole, rather a sensible, practical girl, than a sentimental, dreamy one; but every little unpleasant circumstance that had occurred seemed now to be mitigated, and every pleasure heightened in the retrospect. Anna had related her adventure with the young student literally to her mother, who laughed heartily over it. She was no prudish woman who kept her child aloof from all knowledge of the world, or endeavored to suppress all natural feeling.

She had never examined with painful anxiety every book containing the word "love" before permitting her daughter to read it. No, she well knew the power of love in the young heart, and only desired to lay such a foundation that from her innermost needs she might realize love to God as the supreme spring of all her actions. Mother and daughter had therefore read together, and enjoyed books both of ancient and modern times; and Margaret had only tried gently to direct her daughter's opinions and impulses into a proper channel. Anna was no sentimental enthusiast. She admired every thing true and beautiful, and was somewhat divided in her character between a good, sensible girl, and a bright, wide-awake boy. She worked faithfully and with zest. It was her delight to provide entertainment for the numerous guests that partook of her parents' bounty, to whom she always accorded the heartiest welcome. And the Rhine journey had not spoiled her. It only reappeared to her in beautiful thoughts that lightened all her duties. The ever vigilant mother took care to have her time fully occupied, and Anna was too conscientious to slight any thing. Thus her life passed amid study and work, playing and dreaming, cheerily and lovingly on.

Suddenly a stone was thrown into the still

sea, and the calm life at Steinfeld was ruffled. This disturbing element came in the shape of a letter to Pastor Gendenberg. It contained a call to the presidency of a foreign missionary society, and stated that he was widely known as a zealous friend to the cause, having intended to devote himself to the work in early life, but was providentially hindered from so doing. Besides, his wife was also known to be an earnest, efficient worker, not only in their immediate neighborhood, but in all the region round about; and it concluded by saying that he was believed to be the very best person to fill the important position. Serious hours of earnest, prayerful deliberation followed this communication. On the one hand, it seemed to be a direct providential indication to engage in a work in his riper years which he had desired to undertake in his youth. On the other hand, it was not easy to contemplate the separation from a congregation, bound to them by many tender ties. All these considerations Margaret and her husband weighed carefully. They would willingly remain at Steinfeld, where so many happy years had been spent; "but," said Margaret, "the call came to us unsought, and ought not this very fact furnish a guide to us?"

"But there is still a difficult question for me

to decide," said the pastor, thoughtfully; "and it is a very important one. Am I the very best person who could be chosen to fill this position and undertake this work? Do you think I could bear the intense grief I should experience if, instead of wheat being sown, there should only be tares; instead of making spirituality manifest it should only be a pretense, and thereby bring shame and dishonor to this beloved cause? Could we be justified in entering upon such a responsible field of labor? It is my duty and determination to arrive at a clear conviction in the matter. I know of no better way to assist me than to submit it to my brethren for decision, and regard whatever that may be, as God's will."

This was done. The hearts of the pastor and his wife were perfectly calm, since they had, after solemn self-examination, become wholly resigned to God's will. The brethren decided affirmatively, and they acquiesced cheerfully and obediently. Anna was very much surprised when she learned that in a short time she must leave her beloved Steinfeld and go with her parents to a distant city. She was heartily grieved; for every resident of the village, from the eldest peasant to the youngest bare-footed child, was her warm friend. But happily there was little

time for lamentation. Her busy fingers found plenty to do in this stirring time.

Only a few months elapse before we find the Gendenberg family settled in their pleasant new home, in the center of a great city. Yes, Anna, it is very different here from your old home. In vain you look for the beautiful, blue Hartz Mountains and the old snow-covered Father Brock. Great, high houses shut out the view; and in one of these houses live almost as many people as in the half of Steinfeld. And what a rush of people in the streets, whom you do not know and can not greet! At first Anna stood much by the window, gazing upon the busy throng; but soon duties from within demanded her attention. Without, every thing was strange and confusing, but within happiness and contentment reigned supreme. They filled the great rooms and lighted the eyes of all the in-dwellers.

Several months have now passed away since their arrival. Shall we take a glimpse of the Mission House? Pastor Gendenberg entered upon his duties as if he had had years of experience. During his youth, and, indeed, ever since that time, he had always maintained the liveliest interest in the cause of missions. A foster brother and sister were in the field, and through them he had become very familiar with

the habits and customs of the people. He felt thoroughly convinced that in a religious, moral, and social point of view, the rescue of the heathen from inevitable ruin could only be accomplished by Christianity; and that God would in this way verify his promises in the Gospel to these wretched people.

Pastor Gendenberg's chief work, in addition to directing the missionaries abroad, is the education of candidates for this especial calling. A few young men were now at the mission house, preparing for this purpose, and a golden time dawned for them with the approach of this new professor. How earnest and forcible his language to them! "A thousand times rather be no missionary than an inefficient one. Prove and sift yourselves with the intensest impartiality and solicitude."

The pastor is not too old to sympathize with their youthful ardor and share their enthusiastic opinions, nor too familiar not to check their indiscretions. He is in every way a true friend, and they realize it. They also recognize the sacrifices this good man and his wife are daily making, and the discomforts they often endure while entertaining so many strangers, as well as providing a comfortable home for the students. Theirs was indeed a true family

board—a circle somewhat enlarged, but embraced by the same golden bands of love.

Of course many trying times were not wanting in Pastor Gendenberg's position. It was discouraging to see labor without fruit; lukewarmness in some of the missionaries in the field; sickness and death busy among the most useful; and here at home many disappointed hopes, fruitless endeavors, and countless mistakes. But happily he was a man strong in faith. While no one possessed greater personal sensitiveness, *self* was always pressed into the background; and if any thing unfortunate occurred to grieve him, he would not permit it to chafe him unduly, but always tried to believe it was all for the best. Hence his poor, self-seeking "*I*" was so accustomed to ill-treatment from its master that it only ventured to make very feeble resistances, which were never encouraged. So Pastor Gendenberg is very happy—happy in the deepest spiritual sense, where happiness is an inward grace, grounded upon love and the fulfillment of duty.

But where is Margaret, his wife? She is indeed much less often at her husband's side here than she was in the little village. Claims upon her time have greatly multiplied, and she is always busy. It is no small matter to superintend such a large house, in addition to caring for

many in far-off India. She is more interested than ever in the work, which has engaged her attention from earliest youth, and its demands are now very pressing. Just at this time we find her deciding for Anna the difficult question, "What shall we have for dinner to-day?" and the daughter enters the kitchen to carry out her directions. The kitchen is Anna's undisputed realm, and the mother congratulates herself upon having such a competent assistant. At the table the manners of those present are sometimes ludicrous and awkward; but Margaret has the rare tact of restraining and molding, of refining and cultivating the habits of young people. How cheerful is the conversation here, and with what perfect freedom each one expresses himself! How interesting to observe the various traits of character exhibited with so little restraint! All seem to anticipate this hour for something more than the excellent food that is provided for them. Letters have arrived from India. These are always shared with the members of the family, and form an interesting topic for discourse. Afterwards the pastor and his wife have earnest conferences together alone; and usually she has all kinds of commissions to execute for the missionaries.

Dinner over, and there is the constant recep-

tion of guests; some to obtain information about the work, others bringing gifts; others curious to know what is going on at the mission house. All must be kindly received, and their visits, ill-timed or otherwise, accepted graciously. Yes, there are days and days when this excellent woman has scarcely a moment to think of her own soul's interests, or a moment to snatch for that higher communion which refreshes the way-side pilgrim like a spring found on the dusty highway.

Anna has become so accustomed to her busy life that she seldom deviates from its duties. True, in the Spring-time she longed for the woods and gardens of her former home. Here, to be sure, are a few flowers, but no retired nooks or familiar trees. She became wonderfully mature and sedate, and yet, when she saw the neighbors' children at play before their doors, how she longed to join them! It was not long, however, before she won some of these little friends, who used the basement windows of the kitchen as a means of communication with their beloved Anna. But when these little guests were wanting, there was no one left but "Kitty"—a most wonderfully intelligent creature, who was a favorite with every body; and whether perched upon her young mistress's shoulder, enjoying her

lofty protection, or demurely purring by her side, she was always an object of interest. Alas! too much so upon the day when, for the first time, the dinner was forgotten and burned, in consequence of a romp with the children and the playful creature. This was a source of great mortification to our young housekeeper, and a never-forgotten experience, notwithstanding the students declared the soup to be excellent, and ate it with apparent relish. But it was a silent lesson that the time had come for childish things to be put away, and the teaching was not lost upon our fair little Anna.

Besides writing letters to Aunt Lily, descriptive of her new life, Anna made the acquaintance of several young women of her own age, to whom she was greatly endeared, but with whom she was never very intimate. Her mother always remained her nearest and dearest friend and confidant. The young girls here in the city had been very differently educated. They scarcely had as much positive knowledge as Anna, but possessed the art of displaying their acquirements to the best possible advantage, and enjoyed a certain agreeable conversational ease of which simple country maidens were ignorant. Then they went out into society very often. Every day brought them some excitement, if

only a concert or lecture. Of house-work, its pleasures and duties, they knew very little, and considered it very stupid and tiresome, while Anna had a certain fear of the "great world," and did not really enjoy large companies. But this was true: at her own house she was thoroughly happy, and unknown perhaps to herself, she was, nevertheless, its sunlight and joy.



IV.

“There’s a turned-down page, some writer says,
In every human life—
A hidden story of other days;
Amid the peace there’s strife.”

IT is very pleasant when one returns from a long journey and knocks at his own door, to be able heartily to utter the old German rhyme:

“My own little nest
Is always the best.”

It is pleasant to have the door opened by dear ones who hasten to greet the return of one fondly expected. He has heart and pockets well filled, and between relating his adventures and unpacking his treasures, every heart is quickened anew. But it is even more pleasant to greet a son who has been abroad for years, when at last he returns home, having completed his studies, rich in all kinds of acquirements, his knapsack filled with remembrances of college days, and his chin covered with a manly beard.

The whole world lies before him, but the whole world seems to be concentrated now in one fragment—his home; and the joy of honorably passing his final examination is not complete until shared by those who are dearest to him on earth. Animated by such feelings, two travelers are walking briskly forward one beautiful Autumn evening. Are they anxious to reach home before night? Let us approach them. One is a slim, overgrown youth—a student from head to foot. Love of fun betrays itself in his manner, is written upon his bright face, and beams from his sparkling eyes. His face—stop, have we not seen it before? The lad looks very familiar. Yes, it is none other than the young Silesian we met on that charming Rhine journey, and he is almost as enthusiastic over the little glimpses of beauty in this dusty highway, which he is endeavoring to leave behind him as soon as possible, judging from his long strides. But he is obliged to keep pace with his companion, who is a veritable Anak, with immeasurably long legs and arms, and corresponding hands, and withal so thin that we tremble lest this great topmast should break in two, in order to make a pair of ordinary sized men. This long limb of humanity is no beauty. Above his long neck appears a longer face, possessing a pair of round bullet

eyes, which roll in fine frenzy on every important occasion. His name is Joseph Knoll, and it is a suggestive one. He is evidently a servant, who has accompanied the young student through the university, where he has obtained the *sobriquet* of "Tallow Candle." Just now he is taking such immense strides that the "little one" can not keep pace with him, seeing which he stops, that the latter may overtake him.

"We must be nearly home, Knoll."

"Yes, sir; we shall be there in an hour," was the reply.

"It is almost two years since we left. How beautiful it is here in these woods," continued the student.

"Beg pardon, sir; but let us rest here awhile and drink in some of this pure air."

The young gentleman made no reply, since an abrupt turn now brought a castle in view. "There is the house," he exclaims, and with flying feet hastens forward.

But why does his face become saddened as he approaches his home? Alas! no colors are flying from Wallerberg Castle, as it is now a widow's estate, and Martin Wallerberg knows that he has neither father, brother, nor sister in the world. Only a mother dwells in yonder castle, solitary and alone. This was not so viv-

idly real to him during his university life, but this evening it takes possession of him forcibly. He had a brother once, an army officer, who was two years his senior, and whom he loved dearly; but he had died suddenly away from home. After this brother's death his parents had never been happy. Now he was an only child. Left to the charge of a tutor, to whom he was fondly attached, he had been stimulated to study theology. His parents had not encouraged this pursuit until the death of their eldest son, when they reluctantly consented, hoping he would eventually give up the idea and content himself with being a land-owner. But Martin thought differently, and pursued his studies a year, when his father was thrown from a horse, and died a few days after. This necessitated the return home of the only surviving son to console the bereaved mother, but after a time his studies were resumed; until now, being ended, he did not know what result would follow.

This evening, as he approached his home, and gazed upon the dear, familiar house and garden, and thought of his lonely mother, all self-seeking vanished like chaff before the wind, and only one idea was uppermost—that mother's happiness. Just then he looked up to a window that opened out upon a balcony from his mother's room, and

wondered whether she would be there expecting him. But how could she be there, when his arrival had been anticipated a day in advance? Ah, he little knew how many days Lady Wallerberg had lingered on this spot, gazing into the distance to catch the first glimpse of this best-beloved. There she stands waiting. She had seen him from afar, and reaches out her arms to embrace him.

"Mother, dear mother!" exclaimed the youth; and rushing through the garden, and up the stairs, he folds her slender form in his strong arms.

Then they sit down beside each other. Martin is so happy to be once more with his beautiful, "angelic" mamma, as he calls her, from her name—Angelica. He tells her of his delightful experiences, his successful examination, and the honors he has won, and his face grows radiant with joy. He turns to see her corresponding pleasure. Alas! how shocked he is to observe how sadly she has changed during these two years of his absence, and he exclaims, "Mother, are you ill?" with a tone that betrays his anxious solicitude.

"Yes, my dear boy; I am not well," was the gentle reply, as she drew her shawl more closely around her.

"What is the matter? I entreat you to tell

me," said Martin, passionately. "What does the physician say?"

"You shall know some time, dear Martin. Rest assured, I have done every thing possible to regain my health—"

"But you never wrote to me that you were so ill."

"It was not so serious, my child; it has only been a short time since the disease has made such rapid progress. But, darling, do not talk about it now. I want your first hour at home to be full of joy. We shall have sad hours enough by and by," she added, softly.

Martin controlled his emotion, and the determination to consult the physician early in the morning somewhat calmed him. Lady Wallerberg then served the tea, and entered into a cheerful conversation, questioning him about his health and his journeyings, and succeeded in lifting the iron hand that seemed to rest upon her son's heart. He relates every thing with the freedom and enthusiasm of youth. It was a wonderful evening; the first they had enjoyed together since the husband's and father's death, which was remembered only as a time of gloom and mourning.

Later in the evening Knoll entered to pay his respects to Lady Wallerberg, and his profound

bow, which gave him the appearance of a half-closed penknife, together with his quaint answers, made both his hearers laugh very heartily.

"Knoll, how do you like being back again at Wallerberg?" asked the baroness, pleasantly.

"Gracious lady, to be here is once more to breathe the vital air," replied Knoll, tragically.

"Incontestable!" exclaimed Martin; "and now we can rest after our hardships."

Knoll bowed profoundly, and, turning to the baroness, said: "Gracious lady, what do you think of the result of our examinations?"

"Tell me about them, Knoll," was the reply. Whereupon Martin cried out, interruptingly: "Mother, mother, beware! You do not know what you ask. Knoll writes poetry now!"

Knoll nodded assentingly, and assured her that he always committed his verses to memory; and before any one could reply or escape the impending danger, this mast head placed himself in position, and with rolling orbs recited a long poem with a pathos indescribable, the significance of which it would be difficult to reproduce, as it apparently had none, and it is questionable to whom it gave the greater satisfaction, audience or poet. After Knoll had retired Lady Wallerberg said: "He is a faithful soul."

"Yes, indeed he is," said Martin with em-

phasis. "You can not imagine how he has taken care of me. He is useful in every way, and does every thing better than he makes poems, which I believe are really only outgrowths of his love for us. Certainly it is his highest ambition to repeat them to us. He is a thoroughly honest fellow, and I believe would go with me to the ends of the earth."

"Yes, that is a great comfort to me," replied the mother, with such an intensity of expression that Martin looked up questioningly.

"Mother, what is the matter? Why do you weep? Do tell me!" he exclaimed, half terrified.

"No, not to-day," said the baroness, deeply moved. "I will tell you all —"

"Dearest mother, can I not help you in some way?"

"Yes, you can do much for me; you are my comfort and hope."

Lady Wallerberg fondly embraced her son, but the interview had exhausted her so much that she was obliged to seek rest for the night. Rest, rest! How far distant was it from the couch of this poor sufferer! Sweet physical rest could not be enjoyed, as agitation and pain had driven it away; and that deep rest which the troubled spirit finds alone in the bosom of its God, she did not know. True, she had heard

thereof, but only as one hears bells in a great forest without being able to find the chapel to which they invite. At times a conviction came over her of the blessedness of such rest; but only a breath, such as one has in a strange land when a bird of paradise sits upon his window and sings one short entrancing song of beauty, then flies away forever.

Martin lay awake that night longer than usual. He was now at home, but this home seemed only one of pain and misery; yea, even to possess a hidden mystery, which he sought in vain to unravel. It did not escape him that there was something else burdening his mother's heart besides her illness. It seemed as if in a twinkling all his happy student life had vanished and he had entered a portal where every thing joyous had been excluded and nothing remained to him but the earnest of life. He was still young—scarcely twenty-two years of age, and the vigor of his manhood was able to grapple with any thing open and apparent; but here was something obscure, something that presented itself only in dark outlines, and he could realize nothing but the fact that he must be a man and the protector of his mother.

The next morning Lady Wallerberg was too ill to join her son at breakfast. As he hastened

to her bedside he became more and more convinced of the great change which had been wrought in her dear features. If lamp-light had in any way deceived him the previous night, if the excitement and joy of seeing him had infused new color into her cheeks, the vain illusion was wholly dispelled by the morning's light, and he realized fully that this frail tenement could not much longer resist disease. Overcome by emotion, he sank down beside her, and felt the tender touch of hands that had soothed him from childhood. It would not be long now ere he would be an orphan, alone in the wide world—and he wept bitterly. When a truth enters one's mind, which one would fain disbelieve, but which has become indisputable, insomuch that the innermost depths of the soul must acknowledge its power, the heart seems bound with chains of iron and the lips refuse to utter a word. Martin was silent.

“Do not weep, my son,” entreated the sick one; “I am so happy that you are with me. I would gladly remain with you, but, alas! there is no hope.”

No hope! This was the decision of the physician with whom Martin had held a long consultation. For a long time this insidious disease had been creeping upon the baroness, but here-

tofore its progress had been slow and almost imperceptible. During the last three months it had advanced with frightful rapidity, and now her life might be counted by days. Not with meager words alone was Martin made cognizant of these stern facts—they were self-evident. Henceforth he did not leave his mother's side. Every service in his power was rendered to her, and she was never satisfied save when he sat beside her and held her hand or supported her in his arms.

How hard it was to leave this only son, upon whom all her love was concentrated! How she clung to the faintest hope of a recovery! It seemed unjust and cruel to her that she must leave this present life, which had, it is true, afforded her little sunshine, but was bright compared with the dark tomb to which she was now summoned. With deep pain Martin had observed, after the first raging billows were assuaged in his own heart, how his mother clung to earth; how her thoughts and affections centered in this life; and with the utmost tenderness he endeavored to direct her mind to the contemplation of the glories that await the believer in the life to come, and the blessedness and peace of resting on a crucified Savior.

“Do n't talk about that,” she would say pet-

tishly. "If I had only prepared myself for this, I would willingly go; but now it is too late, too late! A mountain lies upon my poor heart and oppresses me with its crushing weight."

Such expressions often fell from her lips. Martin did not annoy her by pressing his inquiries concerning this secret woe, as the physician had enjoined perfect immunity from all excitement. But to-day her anxiety seemed so much greater than ever, that he felt it would be better for her to be relieved of her burden, which he now fancied was largely imaginary.

"Dear mother," he said, soothingly, "share with me this grievous burden, and I will help you to bear it."

"Yes, it will be better," she replied; "I had wished to keep it until after my death, but it will be such a relief to hear you promise to carry out my wishes. Go to my secretary, open the middle drawer, and find a letter addressed to yourself. I wrote it not knowing whether we should ever meet again. Read it, dear son, and then come back to me."

Martin did 'as he had been requested, and, after breaking the seal with trembling fingers, read the following:

"MY DARLING SON,—When you read these lines I shall be in the grave, but I feel assured

you will honor and obey the last wishes of your mother. It rends my heart that I must thwart all your plans, and lead your future life into a very different channel from what you had anticipated. Believe me, a mother's heart sympathizes with you, but being a mother I can not do otherwise. The events that have caused all this are sad, but I will share them with you, and we must go a long way into the past in order that you may understand them.

"I was your father's wife, but not his first choice. Your father once loved a poor but beautiful Christian girl, the daughter of a clergyman. When your grandfather, who was an exceedingly proud, haughty man, learned this, he became highly incensed, and declared he would never consent to the union. By what means he changed his son's mind I do not know, but soon after my hand was sought from my father. My title of nobility was in some way interwoven with that of the Wallerberg family, and being only seventeen years of age my wishes were not consulted; but my handsome betrothed pleased me, and the wedding was hastened. Soon after it occurred I discovered that I was not beloved. My husband was hard, cold, and imperious. Your brother Curt was born, and one year afterwards you, my darling Martin. You became my joy

and delight. Curt was like his father, impetuous and proud, and of such a violent temper he terrified me. Your father delighted in these manifestations, which he encouraged and applauded on all occasions. I often trembled at his outbursts of passion, and could not but feel anxious with regard to the consequences if he should ever be resisted by an enemy. You were my sole comfort, to whom I fled when others avoided or deserted me.

“Early in life Curt declared his intention of becoming a soldier. His father with him believed no other career so full of honor. He had conspicuous talents, while inflexible determination and perseverance were prominent traits of his character. He was soon promoted, and his father adored him. Your continued determination to study theology only estranged him the more, notwithstanding he believed it to be a whim which you would outgrow. I confess I shared this belief, and hoped you would some day become a land-owner, and manage the estate that legally would fall to your brother, so that he might receive therefrom a revenue and be able to maintain his rank in the army. Curt lived at the capital. Your father frequently visited him, but invariably returned home gloomy and discontented. In vain I sought the reason, and only

suspected that he was not in harmony with Curt's life and behavior. Curt had become independent very young, and as his father had taught him to recognize no authority, and to consider himself superior to every body, these words were verified: 'He that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind.'

"Three years elapsed, and you made the long projected journey through Switzerland with your tutor. One day during your absence the servant brought us a letter which had a terrible effect upon your father. Speechless with rage, he gave it into my hands. An anonymous writer took the liberty of acquainting us with the fact that our son Curt was about to marry a young girl much beneath himself in station; and if the marriage should take place his brother officers deemed it their duty to make an example of him, and refuse to associate further with him. As your father was suffering from rheumatism, I begged to be allowed to go to Curt. In vain. He at once wrote a letter to his son demanding his immediate return home.

"I shall never forget the night he came. A furious storm had arisen that swayed the old oaks to and fro, and moaned dismally in their branches. The linden and beech trees were lashed against the windows, when suddenly your brother sprang

into the room where we were taking tea. When he saw us both he exclaimed: 'Thank God, you are both alive and well.' I was about to respond, when a glance from your father silenced me. Curt looked from one to the other in mute astonishment, then said, somewhat reproachfully: 'I have traveled night and day to reach you. I feared some one had died. What is the matter?'

"Your father arose, saying, in tones of anger: 'I would rather be dead than see you lead one beneath you into the castle of your forefathers.'

"It is impossible to reproduce this fearful interview. Curt listened to his father's reproaches with a countenance of deathly pallor, controlling himself with wonderful power. More terrible than the storm without was your father's voice as he uttered the words: 'Will you give up this woman, or will you forfeit your sonship? Choose!'

"Curt replied, firmly: 'I have *promised* to marry her.'

"'O consider, my son,' I exclaimed, 'what a disgrace it will be to your family!'

"'No, mother, my betrothed will be a disgrace to no one. True, she is poor, but she is worthy of wearing a crown. O, if you only knew her!' and his dark eyes flashed with such brilliancy that I felt this was no passing fancy, but a true manly affection.

"Like two adamantine rocks these two men stood in opposition, neither yielded a hair's breadth. At length Curt was ordered from the house with the threat that henceforth he should be to his family as one dead. With pallid lips he replied, firmly, 'Very well, sir;' but turning to look at me, as if to beg my interposition, once more his father thundered the word, 'Go!' and the door closed forever behind him.

"The storm without moderated, and a calm rested upon the face of nature, but alas, not upon my soul. Your father manifested no emotion.

"The next morning we drove to N., where he changed his will and made you sole heir. Upon our return he informed every body that his son was dead, and also wrote the same to you. But, Martin, your brother lives! He disappeared from the army, and I heard no further tidings from him. About a year later your father was thrown from his horse, and brought home in a dying condition. Thank God he lived several days and was conscious, and at the last became susceptible to milder feelings, and words of forgiveness fell from his lips for his lost son, followed by a request to seek him to the ends of the earth and reinstate him in his rightful position. It seemed as though every barrier between us was broken down during these hours of pain

and suffering, and that the last days of your father upon earth were the most beautiful of his life.

"I made every effort possible to find my son, but only learned he had married and sailed for England, doubtless for the purpose of entering the army there. I have inquired for him among the influential officers of India; but he has evidently changed his name, as no one of the Wal-lerberg name can be found. Thus for two years inquiries have been made in all directions, and now I ask you to continue the search. I am sure he lives, and that you will find him and convey to him his parent's forgiveness as well as transfer the estate into his possession. It is a great comfort for me to know that faithful Knoll will accompany you upon your perilous journey to India, where I believe your brother will be found. Do not grieve that your parent's sins will thwart your whole life's plan. You are a minister, and it will be your privilege to rescue the fallen and lift up those who are bowed down even in the mire and slough of Satan and sin; and who knows how deeply your poor brother may have fallen, or how anxiously he awaits your coming to bring him life and peace? It is a beautiful service to seek and save the lost. My blessing shall accompany you. Farewell, my darling child, my sunbeam!"



V.

“It is His way, and so it must be right,
Although at every step some foot that bleeds
Leaves print of anguish; still our Father leads,
Through darkness unto light.”

WHEN Martin had finished reading this letter he sat still for some time, absorbed in the contemplation of its contents. His own future was not the subject of consideration, but the fact of his brother being alive, whom he had long believed to be dead, and the sad knowledge that his mother had silently borne this burden so long without having seen her efforts crowned with success—almost unnerved him. At length controlling his feelings as far as possible, he returned to her bedside.

The sick one reached her wasted hands towards him, while her eyes rested wistfully upon him. Martin clasped her hands, and assured her that no efforts should be spared until Curt had been found and her request fulfilled. A mountain seemed lifted from Lady Wallerberg's soul,

and now for the first time she became able and willing to consider her approaching death. Hitherto she had regarded Martin's "pious turn," as she expressed it, as only the result of his tutor's influence, and it seemed natural that this amiable boy should exhibit a spirit of forbearance and love. But this idea of becoming a minister was only a youthful vagary—a passing effervescence which one could suffer now and even encourage, but which would certainly vanish as he grew older and entered upon the realities of life.

But now Martin had entered upon real life in earnest, and a spirit of self-denial and self-abnegation very different from any cowardly submission or defiant menace became more strikingly manifest than ever. Here were a kindly submission to the will of others and a loving, gentle, but firm adherence to the right that compelled her admiration. Lady Wallerberg asked herself, somewhat unwillingly, what the mainspring of such a life could be? Was it love to her? Why then had this filial attachment not emanated from her eldest son and subdued his violent passions? Would Curt have acted differently if he had recognized these higher spiritual principles and obeyed their commands? And if religion gave Martin so much strength and

resignation during these trying times, might it not also be efficient enough to lighten even the dark valley of death?

Ah, how these questions pressed themselves upon her! And how effective was the power of a Christian life consistent in all its practices! She began to think of the realities of the future. She had heretofore trusted in self, and somehow consoled herself with the belief that having suffered so much on earth, God would certainly reward her hereafter. But now doubts began to arise, and these sufferings appeared to her in a very different light. They now seemed deserved and self-retributive, and were no steps by means of which she could ascend to heaven. Her whole misspent life, alas! was behind her. O, that she might begin it anew!

"And yet," she said one day to Martin, pressing his hand fervently, "who has ever yet lived a life of perfect holiness?"

Martin longed to comfort and soothe her, but he well knew that without a knowledge of sin there is no repentance, and without repentance there is no forgiveness, and silently entreating the Holy Spirit's assistance he explained to her the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. He seemed no longer to utter his own words, but rather to be the organ of a higher

power. Many days were thus spent together—days full of pain, but full of blessedness; and at last Lady Wallerberg was permitted to go home as a tired child who had wandered far, but who finally reached the dear familiar father's house, within whose walls was everlasting rest.

After the last sad rites were over, the spirit of courage and strength that had so long animated and upheld Martin seemed to wane. He felt himself more utterly alone than ever. Relatives he had none, and his friends lived far away. When he arrived home from the university, but a few weeks before, how full of golden plans the future had been! How he had pictured his mother at the head of her household, and he himself in yonder parsonage with some fair helpmeet—perhaps the maiden of Rhine memory. But now all these fantasies lay behind him. The congregation yonder must remain in charge of its old inefficient pastor. This home which did not rightfully belong to him must be yielded to the care of strangers, and he himself venture to a foreign land to seek one who might never be found. How little knowledge of the future and God's wondrous plans he had!

Martin had sincerely loved his brother, notwithstanding their tastes and sympathies had so widely diverged, and now every thing was to be

sacrificed for this brother. Conflicting doubts and fears waged within him, but they were restrained by a sense of duty. True they troubled and dismayed him at times, depressed as he was by grief; but they were overcome, and he cheerfully determined to undertake the journey, and thus fulfill the wishes of his beloved mother. Having made all the necessary arrangements for this purpose, he asked Knoll if he would accompany him.

"Sir, shall we study in India?" inquired Knoll, very bluntly, staring at his young master with eyes and mouth wide open.

As Martin could rely in perfect confidence upon this faithful servant, and as he needed his assistance throughout the entire journey, he felt it necessary to reveal its object and aim. Knoll's astonishment was indescribable. His eyes started from his head, as if in danger of never being replaced there, and, with an expression that spoke louder than a thousand words, he replied:

"Sir, I will go with you over land and sea, through fire and water, life or death."

Martin appreciated this hearty response, and took his proffered hand cordially.

"And now, sir, when do you go to these *Injuns*?" asked Knoll, a few days later.

"Hindoos," corrected Martin; "the Indians live in America.

"Well, well, '*Injuns*' or Hindoos, they are all alike," muttered Knoll.

But he lost no time in making preparations for the journey. First he covered a quantity of old cigar boxes with bright paper, for some mysterious purpose which he did not choose to reveal. Then he procured as many books upon India as possible, and read them with the closest attention; then he laid in a supply of dried fruits, well-tested ointments and efficacious drugs obtained from an experienced apothecary, and in consequence of his conspicuous endeavors made himself a person of great importance in the eyes of all the villagers, who had never known any of their number to visit India.

Martin was very desirous of seeing his beloved tutor once more before his departure. This man had exerted a great and good influence upon his boyhood. He was now a pastor in a somewhat distant town, but he concluded to visit him. It was evening when Martin left the cars, expecting to reach the home of his friend a quarter of an hour later. The snow creaked under his feet, and by the bright rays of a full moon a little chapel could be distinctly seen. Near it Pastor Alting resided. Suddenly the bells rang out in

the crisp frosty air, and the church windows were illuminated.

"There must be service to-night," thought Martin; "perhaps a Bible-class meeting;" and he quickened his pace. He had not been mistaken. Upon entering the chapel the last strains of a sweet hymn were being sung, and his heart throbbed with pleasure to see his beloved teacher, for the first time, in his calling. He sat down in a dim corner unobserved by the congregation, and listened eagerly to the discourse. The subject was "The Prodigal Son," but the erring one was not so much considered as the son who remained at home. Little was said of the evil doings of the son who had strayed away, but the selfish disposition, complacent ease and luxury of him who enjoyed the home comforts was strongly emphasized.

Martin listened intently. O, what a true sermon this was to him! The whole discourse seemed to turn upon this question, "What was the duty of this eldest son?" and the answer, "To give himself no rest or peace until he had found the lost brother." This occasion in the little village church was an era in Martin's life. When he afterwards related the circumstances to his friend, both felt that an answer to all his doubts had been given at that time.

Martin remained several days with Pastor Alting, and the intercourse between the two tended to build up and encourage both hearts. Martin returned to Wallerberg, and renewed his preparations for the journey indefatigably. He did not know whether he would ever be permitted to return, and realized the necessity of arranging his temporal affairs as perfectly as possible.

Knoll had long since been fully equipped. The boxes were filled with all manner of unnecessary articles, but which he was confident would be needed in India. Martin was equally inexperienced, and seldom had two men prepared themselves less suitably for the wide world, if we may except Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. What Martin omitted, being determined not to burden himself with useless luggage, Knoll had supplied as prudent ballast. Lest any thing should be lacking, he had even decided to take a huge garden ladder of his own construction. "One does n't know," he remarked, "whether these heathen have such a respectable article;" and nothing but the sheer impossibility of carrying it at the last, had caused his darling wish to be resigned. But he revenged himself by taking a good iron pot for cooking purposes, which he packed full of Winter apples, and congratulated

himself upon the pleasure it would excite in the young baron to be presented some morning with a fine Wallerberg apple.

Besides he was careful to stir up and even slightly vex Martin at times in order, if possible, to divert his mind from the debilitating effects of his recent grief, which were evidently not obliterated. Joseph Knoll had certainly not the remotest resemblance to an angel, but if unseen protection and vigilant defense are characteristic of these higher beings, he was undoubtedly allied to them. As a fond father watches over his child, so Knoll watched over his young master, who, he felt, had been transferred by the mother to his care, and who was certainly bound to his heart. Whenever he could remove an obstacle or overcome a difficulty it was done, whether Martin observed it or not. "It all affects the mind of the young baron," Knoll replied to those who thought his care overreached itself. Yes, during these times Knoll had often thanked God for the poetical gift with which he believed himself endowed; for had not his verses always made his master laugh whenever he recited them, whether in season or out of season?

The appointed administrator had now taken possession of the castle, and to-morrow very early

Martin and his servant were to set forth. It was a mild evening as the former wended his way to the vault which contained the remains of his parents. The ivy had covered the windows, and only a subdued light glimmered in this quiet place. Thought was busy. Would Curt ever stand here with him? What would the future reveal? Then his mind reverted to the delightful Rhine journey, and yonder was the maiden whom he could not forget. Ah, his mother and this fair young girl! These were the only women who had ever made such deep impressions upon his heart. One lay in the silence of death; the other bloomed in youth and beauty—but where? In a few days land and sea would lie between them, no doubt, forever. Martin broke off an ivy leaf and placed it beside another in his notebook, which he regarded with rapt attention. He lingered here as if loath to leave, and when the heavy door closed behind him, it was as if the past were also shut out and a new life begun.

The following morning the travelers set out, Knoll endeavoring to brighten the spirits of his master by playful allusions to the people and country to which they journeyed.

“Now,” said he, “we are going for certain. I wonder what these ‘*Injuns*’ will say when they see us.”

Martin walked thoughtfully by his side, scarcely hearing a word that had been said, his own feelings revolving themselves in the words of another:

“Out of the days of early youth
Rings there a song to me;
It seems so far, so very far,
That life so fair and free.”



VI.

“Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another’s soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.”

WE will leave our travelers to journey on, and return to Pastor Gendenberg’s family, who, it will be remembered, has moved from Steinfeld to a large city, where we have already visited them. Two years have elapsed since that time, and with their permission we will peep into their home again.

“Do you not know that the clock has struck ten?” said the pastor’s wife to her daughter, who was sitting by an open window with an eager face, as though some one were expected.

“Yes, mother; but I did not hear it. Father ought to have been here before this. There he is!” was the joyful exclamation, and Anna sprang like a roe to the door.

Without stood a *drosche*. Pastor Gendenberg

reaches for his portmanteau, but his daughter has already taken possession of it with one hand, while the other grasps that of her beloved father. His wife also meets him at the door. What a cordial welcome this, and how every expression betrays mutual reverence and love!

The pastor has just returned from a missionary tour through the country, and has preached at various towns and cities throughout the neighborhood. Eager listeners have heard his eloquent appeals in behalf of the cause, and have been deeply stirred at the recital of his hopes and fears. Instead of being wearied, he is this evening especially bright and cheerful, as the tour has been unusually encouraging. Anna seizes his hand impulsively, and says:

"Father, what is the news? Something more than usual has happened. I can see it in your face. Do tell us."

"Father is too tired," said the mother.

"O no," continued Anna; "he does n't look a bit tired. Father," she urged, "do tell us. I know there is something special, and we may not soon again have such a quiet time together, and I can not go to sleep without knowing it."

"Well, I can't assume such a responsibility," said the father, smiling, "so listen. I think our last missionary convention the best one we have

ever held. It was convened at a little village called Ilka, where I had promised to speak. When I arrived the clergyman of the town, a man, perhaps thirty years of age, received me. I observed at once that I had encountered a friend to the cause; and, upon further acquaintance, found him so well informed on all sides of the subject that I knew he had made it a special matter of investigation. In my address I laid stress upon the great importance of sending out cultivated men and sound theologians to teach the people of India and thoroughly indoctrinate the young converts. When the meeting was over last evening, and all the guests had left the parsonage, as Pastor Wilke and I sat together alone, he suddenly declared to me his determination to go to India as a missionary. He said very frankly and calmly that it had long been a subject of consideration with him, and that to-day he had decided the matter. He had deeply deplored the fact of so few ministers entering upon this difficult but important calling, and felt that many would be glad to go but were unable to do so. He was himself free—had no family ties, and had determined to decide the question at this meeting.

“O,” continued Pastor Gendenberg, after a pause, “when I looked at him, so young and

vigorous, so refined and scholarly, and withal so ingenuous and sincere, my heart throbbed, and I could not restrain my expressions of joy; but he said to me very calmly that he believed nothing animated him but a sense of duty and obedience to God's Word as he was able to interpret it. He realized his unfitness for the calling, but this conviction had also troubled him in his present relations. He knew, however, that God could abundantly qualify him for the work, and thought all scruples and irresolution should disappear before the manifest will of God. In short, he intends to resign his present charge at Ilka and come here in November, when I hope we shall be able to send him at once to India."

They who realize the difficulty of obtaining competent workers in any department of labor will appreciate the joy of these Christian friends. The affair made a deep impression upon Anna. She was now eighteen years of age, and although untiring in her labors, her work was for the most part confined to domestic, household duties. True, she never despised them, but they did not wholly satisfy her young heart. "I wish I could do something more. I wish I were more useful," was the daily utterance of her heart. But these desires happily did not interfere with the performance of present duties, and in the hope

of something better to come her hands unwearyedly accomplished what each day brought forth.

But here was something worthy of action. Here was a grand deed—a man, in common parlance “well-to-do” in his present position, yet resigning all its comforts and pleasures for the sake of others. Anna knew enough of the heathen and the country of India not to regard them in any romantic or magical light. It was a grand sacrifice for Pastor Wilke to go out to a strange land and wage a moral and spiritual warfare. “O, if I were only a man,” sighed the young maiden, “Why is it that women’s sphere is so restricted? Why is it that our hands must lie idly in our laps, while strong men go forth to struggle and conquest? Why is it that we can only talk and wish, and never act?” And Anna became so gloomy over her questionings that her mother’s watchful eye did not fail to observe her spirit of discontent.

Pastor Wilke arrived. Like a shadow the parting from his little flock rested upon his face; but his will was firm, his soul calm, and his walk and conversation quiet, considerate, and unassuming. Anna was wholly disappointed in him. She had expected to find a man enthusiastic over the event of having given himself away, and she

greatly missed the soaring of spirit which she had anticipated. Indeed, when he continued to preserve this calm, even tenor of way for several days, she became convinced that he was coldness and intellectuality personified. In short, he was not the hero she had hoped to see, and she was utterly at a loss to discover how her parents appeared to be daily more and more attracted towards him. She listened attentively to hear whether he were so deeply learned as to be unable to condescend to trifles. But no! At table, where the profoundest subjects were discussed in the freest manner, he was most silent; and only replied when forced to do so by a direct personal appeal. Perhaps he was versed in the higher literature and art? Surely he must have some gifts. Anna felt she would assuredly discover them; for a person could not live in a family for weeks without giving some glimpses of his inner character.

"Do you play the piano?" she asked the dreamy-looking pastor one day.

"I? O no; at least, not for many years," was the reply.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Anna to herself; "he thinks himself too pious to do so now."

"But you sing?" she continued audibly, suppressing her feelings as calmly as possible.

"Whenever I have attempted it, my hearers have always condemned it," replied the young minister politely.

"So I should think," was Anna's private conclusion, and unconsciously she nodded her head.

"Perhaps you paint?" inquired the fair tormentor of her defenseless victim.

"No—really—no." These words seemed to be uttered in a tone that implied a kind of "get-thee-behind-me-Satan" wish; and Anna thought, "is it possible this man has nothing in the world that partakes of enjoyment? Ah, more's the pity!" But there was one more hope:

"You love poetry?"

He hesitated:

"For the last few years I have had so little time—"

Just then Mrs. Gendenberg entered the room, and relieved the poor man from his embarrassment. Anna, who was usually reticent and timid before strangers, had not observed how she had annoyed Pastor Wilke. In her zeal to discover his good qualities she had quite overstepped the bounds of discretion, and passing out of the room she might have been seen to shake her head, and with a light sigh been heard to say:

"He is stupid and narrow. O, why can't

good people be smart, and smart people be good?"

Just then there was a rap at the door, and the post-boy carried in a large box. Mrs. Gendenberg, Anna, and Pastor Wilke hastened to open it and examine its contents. They found it to be from distant friends to the cause, and full of all kinds of gifts. There were garments of finely wrought linen, and innumerable smaller articles to gladden the hearts of the recipients.

One little boy sent a bright, new dollar, and wrote: "This dollar is for the heathen. My name is Leo. I am six years old. When I do three things for mamma I get a penny. I have earned this dollar, and now I will begin again." Next came a pair of heavy woollen stockings—perhaps for Greenland, certainly not for India—but criticism was silenced when they read how an old blind grandmother had spun the wool and knitted the stockings "to keep the missionaries' feet warm." Love was manifest in every thread, and beautified the otherwise homely exterior. Anna laughed, exclaiming, with tears in her eyes:

"O, I wish I could see this dear old woman and little Leo. The grandmother and the little child—what a lovely couple they must be!"

"Who knows but that you would care very

little for them if they were here," remarked the young pastor, in a low tone.

Anna dropped her eyes. His icy words chilled her heart and soul, and threw a shadow over the sun of her joy.

"He has n't even common feeling," she thought. "I wish he were gone; I am positively afraid of him."

But his stay was somewhat prolonged, as there were others to accompany him, and his outfit required some attention.

On the whole, the result of Anna's observations was, that he possessed very little if any personal magnetism or courage, and he ceased to exist as an individual to her, save as a missionary going to India and a guest of her parents, to whom she must be kind and courteous; but this was the limit, and she would concern herself no further about him. Hence, the entertainment of Pastor Wilke was left wholly to father and mother, in whose esteem he daily grew.

One evening Anna was looking over the daily newspaper, when a paragraph headed in large letters "THANKS" attracted her attention. She read it with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, as if anxious to know more about it. In a neighboring street a little four-year-old boy had leaned

out of a third story window. Losing his balance, he was precipitated toward the pavement below. A heart-rending shriek from his mother, who had been sitting near, pierced the air. A gentleman passing had either heard the cry or seen the child fall. Springing to the spot heedless of the wagons that were swiftly rolling by, and quickly measuring where the child would probably fall, he had the good fortune to catch the little one in his arms. Both were thrown to the ground. Crowds of people gathered round to see if either one was injured. Both were safe. The mother was soon on the spot, but the stranger had disappeared before her gratitude could be expressed. No one knew the man, therefore they had taken this method of returning their thanks. Anna was deeply moved. O, if she could have performed such a heroic deed! But she had never even known a person capable of such an action.

"It is the most glorious thing in the world to save a life!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"It is more glorious to be saved," was Pastor Wilke's grave reply.

Her parents understood the drift of the young man's thoughts, but Anna regarded him with contempt.

"Yes," she replied, "for the first requires courage, and that is a virtue every one does not

possess;" and she recalled to mind her walking the street one day with him, and observing how pale he grew as a pair of spirited horses passed them.

Some time after, when alone with her father, she warned him not to send Pastor Wilke to a new wild station, but rather to one that had been somewhat civilized, adding, "I am sure he would be afraid to be alone with the natives."

"Anna, Anna," said her father, "you are entirely mistaken; you do not know the man, and judge him wrongfully. Some day you will repent this."

"Well, papa, he may be the best man in the world, but a truly brave man he certainly is not."

"I believe you only recognize bravery and manliness in commanding forms and noble mien, a broad chest and a fine presence, or in one who can boast loudly of his heroic deeds."

"But, dear papa, there are plenty of men who have the best reasons for keeping silent."

"Yes, and those who have done most, usually say the least about it," added her father.

Pastor Wilke's books arrived. Mrs. Gendenberg selected those she knew would be most useful to him in India, and Anna lent a helping hand. As the taste and character of a person may be discovered by the books with which he

is surrounded, Anna soon learned that her judgment of the owner of these books had been a false one. And the annotations made by him evinced no superficial acquaintance with scientific and musical works. Was she then so utterly mistaken in him? Her cheeks burned with shame, and she concluded not to talk any more to him, as he was evidently not so stupid as she had supposed. With a desire to make reparation for the injuries she had inflicted, she prepared herself to go out with him, and aid in the selection and purchase of a trunk, as her mother was too much engaged to accompany him. As they walked along together they met a lady leading a little boy by the hand. Both looked at Pastor Wilke very intently; but he did not appear to observe it. Suddenly the lady stepped before him, and said, in earnest tones:

"You are the gentleman, yes, you are the one who saved my child's life last Sabbath."

"Yes, mamma, I am sure he is the one," added the child, confidently.

Pastor Wilke attempted to pass on, but they would not permit it, and he was obliged to receive the mother's grateful thanks. Taking the child in his arms, he only said: "Thank God, madam; I was only the instrument in his hands."

At length he parted from them and rejoined

Anna, who had been an enforced listener to the conversation. She was motionless with astonishment, and could not have been more surprised if the quiet pastor had taken wings and flown away. Indeed, after a manner, had he not done so? And then to think of the contemptuous way in which she had so often answered him! An uncontrollable embarrassment took possession of her, and she felt she could not look at him again without begging his pardon, and in this her courage failed. In comparison with him, how mean and small she felt herself to be! She was silent, and the silence was painful. But Pastor Wilke broke it by saying entreatingly:

"Miss Anna, please do not mention this to any one."

"Only to my parents," she said softly, as she opened the door of her home.

Did he understand her awkward apology? She did not know, but sincerely wished he might.

It seemed that upon this evening Anna and the young minister had exchanged characters. Heretofore she had been the lively talker; now he held the little circle spell-bound listeners. All enjoyed the evening except Anna, who, in a conflict of joy and shame, realized how little she had hitherto known this interesting man. She confessed that her boasted penetration had

not reached his deep underlying nature, and that her sympathies from the beginning had not been with him, -and she bitterly reproached herself for her intolerance and injustice. Poor Anna! you will be obliged to bend still lower.

Some years before she had accidentally found a beautiful song, and learned it. It was the perfection of true poetry, and the melody was a pearl, full of the deepest sentiment and tenderness. Anna had sung this song so often they called it her song. One evening she sang it again, and all expressed themselves as delighted as usual.

"We found this song in a newspaper," said Mrs. Gendenberg, turning to Pastor Wilke. "I do wish I knew its author, and whether it was the only child of the poet."

"Perhaps, Pastor Wilke," said Anna, "you know who wrote the words and music. I think both emanated from the same source, they are so perfectly adapted to each other."

Her father was about to laugh at the inquiry, but a glance at the young man's blushing face silenced him. All eyes were now upon him, and he replied modestly with a smile:

"Since you ask me, Miss Anna, I must confess it was one of my youthful follies."

"How glad I am to know this!" she ex-

claimed with delight; "we have wondered about it so long."

Pastor Gendenberg reached out his hand to the young man, saying:

"There is scarcely a good trait which you do not possess; but I did not expect to find you gifted with the art of poetry and music."

Anna slipped quietly from the room. Was what she had heard possible? A poet surely ought to bear upon his countenance the impress of his gift, or at least some faint trace of it; but the most penetrating eyes would never have detected it in Pastor Wilke. He who could write such music must be gifted with the rarest, deepest sentiment. How she warmed towards the author of that song! And yet she had accused him of wanting both soul and sympathy. She was discontented with herself, unhappy, and in no very agreeable mood altogether.

Did the young clergyman observe that her heart was bowed on account of the superficial and hasty judgment she had formed? Did he detect how far she now exalted him above herself? It was not evident in his behavior. He continued his quiet, unobtrusive way, kindly considerate and polite to all, but especially thoughtful and attentive to Anna—a fact she could not understand. Like a brother he stood

by her side, and she daily learned to know and honor him more and more, until the thought of a day of parting was dreaded as it drew near.

But we must witness his departure as that of a servant who longs to do his master's will, which will was to him supreme. One all-powerful motive actuated him—love, love to God and a perishing world. It expressed itself in words, it brightened his eyes, and, better still, manifested itself in his whole life. Every one in the mission house felt that with Pastor Wilke's departure they had lost a dear friend and companion; but to Anna there had been a rich additional experience granted.



VII.

“Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion
Shall be our joy above.”

ANOTHER year has passed away. Pastor Wilke has arrived in India after a prosperous voyage, and entered zealously upon the duties of his calling. His first employment is to acquire the language, and the resident missionaries report that he accomplishes this with remarkable facility. He now sees for himself the great importance of having efficient workers in India, and is perfectly happy in his new relations. Many interesting letters are received from him, descriptive of the land, its people, their manners and customs, etc., which are read at the mission house with pleasure and profit.

To-day they are sitting at the breakfast table, when the postman leaves letters from India. Usually Pastor Gendenberg shares the contents with the members of the family; but this morn-

ing he opens one from Pastor Wilke first, and appears to be deeply moved in its perusal. He folds it up again, only remarking that all is well. Anna little suspects why her father and mother treat her that day with such especial love and tenderness.

After tea the conversation turns upon the girls' schools in India, for the most part under the supervision of the missionaries' wives. Pastor Gendenberg remarked there was so much of this kind of work done, that wives must not merely be companions in these days, but help-meets as well. One of the students asked:

"What is expected from the wives of the missionaries?"

"If she is a true woman," replied Pastor Gendenberg, "it is evidently her duty and pleasure to love and serve her husband, to sympathize with and encourage him in the midst of his conflicts and trials, and to uphold and cheer him, lest his hands grow weary and he faint by the way. Besides, she can greatly assist in the work by having under her care the instruction of the women and children, as well as seek out and relieve the poor and sick. Of course, the work varies according to place and opportunities. Perhaps she has charge of the orphans' school, or the needle-work department. Everywhere

there is plenty to do if a woman is inclined to exert herself."

"And what a woman can accomplish if she is faithful and earnest is exemplified in the case of my foster-sister," added Mrs. Gendenberg. "She has labored many years with her brother in one of the remote outlying districts. She directs his household affairs, is an example in every way to the Christian women there, and is greatly beloved by all the heathen, to whom she is at once mother and physician. In fact, that station is a very garden of the Lord, where plants flourish and grow with rare vigor, and Mary Stieg is the faithful gardener who finds great joy in her work."

"Yes," continued the pastor, "self must be utterly given up when we truly labor for God. A well-ordered, attractive home, intercourse with congenial people, comforts, and luxuries—these are some of the blessings denied to the missionaries' wives. They forget their high calling when they do not realize the immeasurable extent of their influence in a strange, unchristian land. Alas! we have a few sad instances of those who have utterly ignored their sacred duties. In India the divine injunction, 'Whosoever will be my servant, must be servant of all,' is especially applicable."

Anna had thus far been a silent listener to the conversation, when she exclaimed:

"O father, I think a missionary's calling is the most glorious in the world! He, more than any one else, seeks the lost for whom no one cares, and preaches the love of Christ to the most hopeless and wretched hearts."

"Could you do it, my child?" asked her father earnestly. "Could you forsake mother and me and all these pleasant surroundings, and go to a strange land like India —"

"Father, you forget," interrupted Anna, "that India is mamma's native land, that my grand-parents are buried there, that Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary Stieg are there. It is no strange land to me."

"But would you have the courage to go?"

"I believe that God would certainly give me the courage," replied Anna. "But, father, you look as serious as if I were really going to start off to-morrow. I assure you I have not the remotest intention of doing so;" and she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him lovingly.

Two hours later Anna could not have made such an emphatic declaration; for, strange to say, she was very seriously contemplating the question. Her parents had communicated to her

the startling fact that Pastor Wilke had asked her hand in marriage. Inclosed in their letter was one addressed to Anna, in which he declared his love for her in the warmest, tenderest expressions, and his desire to make her the help-mate of his life.

Anna sat in her little room struggling to realize the truth of what she read. She Pastor Wilke's wife! How incredible it seemed! Her mind reverted to the time when imagination had pictured him such a hero, and the resultant disappointment, which depreciated him into an exceedingly commonplace man and an unpretending missionary. But slowly her eyes had been opened to the magnanimity and true nobility of his character, and she had finally regarded him as the greatest man she had ever known, save her father, and she had felt herself to be nothing in comparison with him. She had learned to appreciate the advantage of his society and the ennobling influence of his quiet, earnest life; but—to be his wife! She had become far too humble to suppose for a moment he had ever thought of her in this relation, or even had a passing preference for her. And now this man, so highly esteemed by her parents, and who occupied such a prominent field of labor—this man had asked her to be his wife! His manner

towards her had always been so circumspect and brotherly that she had fancied he only tolerated her thoughtlessness and simplicity. And he had loved her! Incredible indeed! But here it was in his own grave, tender words before her eyes. And had she loved him in return? Yes, to be sure she had—sincerely. And she began to think how good he was, and how confidently she could stand by his side, rest upon his love, hearken to his advice, and labor forever with him for the salvation of the poor heathen. And she imagined herself already there, surrounded by a group of tawny Hindoo children, to whom she was relating Bible stories, or preparing for them work or food, or sitting by the sick, offering up a prayer in their behalf or relieving their distresses, and hearing them say, "I love this God of whom you have told me." Ah, how full of poetry were all these bright, golden visions, in the midst of which a prosy, practical glimpse entered, and it seemed almost ludicrous to imagine sedate Pastor Wilke a lover and her husband! But solemn, passionate thoughts followed, and she was very happy. Could she say "no" to such a suitor? O, never!

Her parents gave a willing, joyful consent to the union, and the matter was decided.

"I knew you would some day go to India,"

said her mother warmly, "and I have for a long time both rejoiced in it and feared it."

"I scarcely thought you would go alone, my daughter," continued the father; "but it is God's will, and I know of no one in whose hands I could so safely trust you as Pastor Wilke's."

"Yes, you will be assuredly safe with him," added her mother musingly.

Anna now regarded herself as betrothed, and wrote to Pastor Wilke to this effect. But it was like a dream to her. How strange to receive congratulations, and no visible bridegroom present.

While the winds and waves bear Anna's answer to India, she is making preparations for the journey which will be undertaken three months hence. She was much needed there; besides, from three to four months were required to reach Calcutta, so there must be no unnecessary delay. Pastor Gendenberg was well acquainted with a wealthy family residing at Calcutta, with whom he had corresponded for years. It was decided that they should meet Anna upon her arrival, and that she should visit them for a time. There Pastor Wilke could join her, and the marriage be quietly but very agreeably celebrated. From thence their daughter would no longer be alone,

as her husband would accompany her. Anna regretted she could not have her wedding at her uncle's house. True, she had never seen them; yet she knew enough of them through her parents to feel deeply attached to them. But the missionary station where they lived was so far distant from Calcutta, and the difficulties in the way so considerable, that the thought of a journey thither could not be entertained. She was, therefore, quite satisfied with the present arrangement, and her father at once took the necessary steps for its accomplishment.

But the burden of giving up their child became daily a heavier one. The parents realized keenly that she was their only and well-beloved daughter, the hope and joy of their old age, the sunshine of their home. How dark and desolate it would be without her! But in the midst of all their anguish they were enabled to say: "Not our will, O God, but thine be done." It was also pleasant for them to consider that their own early hopes of being laborers in a foreign field would be fulfilled in their child. And Anna herself! The thought of parting from her dear father and mother touched her to the quick, and she could not contemplate it; but when any one asked her if she would not rather stay, she always replied, firmly and sincerely, "No, no!"

and towards the East her desires and hopes went faithfully out. .

But Anna could not indulge her fancies all the time. There was also a practical side to be considered. How could she ignore the fact that there was a vast amount of work immediately around her, the completion of which seemed to be essential to her remaining at home. This indeed pressed sorely upon her heart, and she entreated her darling mother to spare herself as much as possible. Pastor Gendenberg's family had never been accustomed to much luxury. Living, for the most part, in the midst of poor humble people, they did not deem it consistent to live above them, and dreaded any apparent luxury lest it should prove a stumbling block to some poor weak brother or sister to whom like blessings had been denied. Anna had become so thoroughly imbued with this spirit of simplicity and self-sacrifice, especially with regard to matters of dress in a minister's family, that she carried her compunctions of conscience entirely too far, and would have deprived herself of many things absolutely necessary if her mother's judicious experience had not interposed.

"O mother, do not buy me so many clothes, nor so much beautiful table-linen," she entreated one day.

"You need both, my child. At the distant, isolated station where you expect to live, it may be a long time before you will be able to buy such things, and even then you will be obliged to pay exorbitant prices for them. Why do you fear and dread these things so?"

"I am only afraid I shall set my heart too much upon them, and that finding my own home so attractive I shall not care to go to the wretched huts of the poor natives. Dearest mother, would n't that be dreadful?"

"Ah, my child," said Mrs. Gendenberg, confidently, "as long as you fear these trifles they are in no danger of interfering with higher duties. It is true, we are to guard against making too much of these perishable temporal things, but we must be just as careful not to despise them. You may carry your feelings too far. Work for God is no penance, but a joy. India is a land whose climate is exceedingly detrimental to the health of Europeans. You will be obliged to do many things there which here would seem like indulging in wanton ease and luxury. I fear you will not be considerate enough in this respect. Unnecessary self-denial will be exceedingly wrong; and in certain cases, not to yield to demands for rest and comfort, even when duty seems in another direction, is positively sinful. There is always

a golden mean in such matters, and it is our duty to discover it as well as use our best endeavors to carry it into effect."

"How shall I ever be able, dear mother, to find it?"

"Be humble and teachable, my child, and you will be guided. Remember, too, that a healthy body is indispensable to a healthy soul. If you have a weak and enervated body you can not labor and fulfill your duties efficiently; therefore give it attention, care, and the best nourishment, that it may be a temple meet for the indwelling of an active, healthy soul."

"O, mother, if you could only always be with me!"

"You will have a competent husband who can aid you, and a faithful God who has promised to perfect his strength in your weakness," replied her mother, than whom no one knew better, from a blessed experience, the wonderful power God's grace exercises in the poor, helpless human soul.

The parting from relatives and friends was also to be undergone; parting from Aunt Lily at Burgdorf, who could not come to her on account of a troop of children at home; and parting from dear Aunt Hesse, the old lady we learned to know on the Rhine journey. The

latter wished the "miserable heathen" every thing good and beautiful except her Anna.

"Child, child," she moaned in bitterness of spirit, "you can do just as much good here at home and be just as useful in your own land; why, why do you go to India?"

"My darling auntie," replied Anna soothingly, "I know that very well; but if every body would say the same thing there would be no one left to go to the heathen. I did not seek this call; it came unbidden, and I go confidently."

"O Anna," lamented Lady Hesse, advancing what she supposed to be an unanswerable argument, "you might have had ten husbands to come to you here. Who ever heard of a bride going out to meet a bridegroom? leaving her father's house, and going to her betrothed? It is incomprehensible to me, and contrary to all customs or even traditions."

"Never fear, auntie; his promise satisfies me."

But Lady Hesse was not satisfied by any means.

"Ah!" she added with a deep sigh, "I had hoped the handsome student with whom we traveled on the Rhine would turn up and perhaps marry you."

Anna blushed deeply. The words revived

emotions that had long since slumbered; but recovering herself, she exclaimed with comic gravity:

"O aunt! how can you say such a thing? He was n't even *introduced* to us!"

"Alas! no," groaned the old lady; "but I am sure he was very distinguished. He had his servant with him, and a student who travels thus may safely be set down as belonging to the aristocracy."

"Time will show," said Anna tantalizingly; "and if he ever turns out to be a prince or a count, you can write to me in India about it."

At last every thing was ready, and the day of parting drew near. The lady who expected to accompany Anna had arrived, trunks and satchels were packed and closed; and now we will let these few remaining days pass swiftly, for they are very sad ones. Hearts are firm, but they demand their natural rights, and the bands that unite parents and child are sacred and strong. All were finally assembled in the little chapel of the mission house, and Anna is about to receive her father's parting benediction. These fond parents will not be permitted to place the bridal wreath upon their daughter's brow; this must be done by strangers. But they look further beyond, and entreat the Divine guidance

and protection upon the long, perilous journey she is about to undertake.

"We love Him because he first loved us," was the text of Pastor Gendenberg's parting discourse to the travelers. He said, the words "He loved us" were like a tree planted in far-off India—a tree we called missions, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, and upon its fruit is written "We love Him." He entreated them to love Christ supremely, to do every thing actuated by this love, and every day to ask the question, "Do I love him?"

But another pleasure awaited Anna this evening. A letter arrived from India, the first one from her betrothed. Love was in every line, gratitude to God in every page, and joy in it all that he would be permitted to see her so soon. Anna was deeply moved, and said to herself, "I do not deserve him. God is very good to me." This letter was a great comfort during the protracted journey, as she would not be able to hear from her betrothed again until they met face to face.

Anna's departure was a sore loss to her friends, and the separation a peculiarly painful one to the immediate members of the family. The neighbors' children peered in vain into the basement windows to catch a glimpse of her cheery face

and hear her friendly words. Even "Kitty" seemed to realize a personal affliction, and for days refused to eat or drink. Pastor Gendenberg and his wife accompanied Anna to the ship, and obtained the captain's promise to have an especial care over their daughter.

Anna's little room was tastefully arranged, and now, in a quarter of an hour, the ship would lift her anchor. Father and mother folded their dear child in a long, loving embrace. Would they ever see her face again on earth? For the last time! It may be forever! sounded solemnly in their ears.

Not a word was spoken. The deepest grief and the highest joy find no expression. Hearts were silent in prayer. Once more they knelt together to implore the divine blessing, and God graciously granted peace to the stricken hearts. When the chain was drawn in, and the heavy anchor lifted, how the unwelcome sounds grated like a very knell of death!

All is over. The ship recedes farther and farther. The form of the beloved one leaning upon the railing becomes less and less. At last only a speck is seen, and now even that has vanished. Farewell, sweet child! Thou hast left kindred and home for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and now he will be thine everlasting God.



VIII.

“NEVER despair,
Disappointments bear;
Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still;
Thy good intents God will fulfill.
Thy hand is weak; his powerful will
Is completing thy life-work still;
The good endeavor
Is lost—ah, never!”

WHEN the Gendenbergs returned home it seemed to them as if a segment of their life had been completed and laid aside, and as if a new life were to be commenced again. They had been so much occupied in the preparations for Anna's journey during the previous weeks that now it was as if there was nothing more to be done. But happily the old everyday duties asserted their rights and laid their gentle, soothing fingers upon the fresh heart-wounds.

The recollections of their daughter were so mellowed that they talked about her as if she had been some sacred being—which she verily

was to them. "I wonder where she is now?" "Will this wind cause a stormy sea?" "Is she happy and brave, or sad and depressed?" Such questions stirred their hearts and were the watch-words that expressed themselves daily in prayers for the beloved.

Anna had now been three weeks on the sea, and according to the reckoning they knew the ship must be in the latitude of the northern coast of Africa, nearing the Equator. It was the month of September, and unusually warm in Germany for this season of the year.

"How Anna will suffer from the heat!" sighed her mother one morning. "I wish I had the power to waft this cool breeze to her. I would be willing to suffer more here that she might be refreshed there."

Poor mother! you shall soon enough be plunged into the heated furnace of sorrow!

No letters arrived from India to-day, although they had been expected. However, this did not cause anxiety, as they were frequently delayed. About noon Mrs. Durlach, a friend who corresponded with a lady missionary in India, called upon Mrs. Gendenberg. The latter joyfully hastened to greet her, and was somewhat surprised to discover an expression of pain upon her countenance.

"What is the matter? Why are you looking so grave?" asked the pastor's wife, solicitously.

Mrs. Durlach appeared perplexed, but controlling herself said, somewhat hesitatingly:

"Nothing at all is the matter with me. But how are you all?"

"O, well, perfectly well," was the hearty response. There was a pause, and Mrs. Durlach soon felt convinced that her friend as yet knew nothing of the tidings which distressed herself. At length she inquired: "Have you heard from Anna?"

"No," replied the mother; "we do not expect to hear for some time with any degree of certainty, at least until she arrives at Calcutta. She might possibly write to us on the way, and send it by a returning vessel; but, of course, this is a mere conjecture."

"Certainly; but when will the poor child reach Calcutta?"

"Some time in November. But why do you say 'poor child?'"

"Why? O, because she is alone, and so far from home," rejoined Mrs. Durlach with evident embarrassment.

The pastor's wife gazed inquiringly upon her guest, whose uneasiness could not be concealed; but she reasoned within herself thus: She cer-

tainly knows nothing about Anna; how could she? Nevertheless she felt constrained to ask:

“Have you learned any thing concerning my daughter?”

“I?—no—how should I?” Again a painful pause, and the visitor continued: “Have you received any letters from India to-day?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Gendenberg with a troubled expression; “but tell me, has any thing occurred?”

“O, really nothing; but one must always endeavor to be prepared for evil tidings, my dear—”

“I entreat you,” exclaimed the listener excitedly, “share with me whatever tidings you may have.”

But the lady shrank from this duty, and declared she had not come as the bearer of sad news; but when Mrs. Gendenberg became calmer she exhorted her affectionately to be patient and not allow any suffering to overwhelm her, thus bewildering the poor woman to such an extent that her friend's departure was a relief.

Gaining the street, Mrs. Durlach breathed more freely. O, if she had only not called! She was painfully aware that a great disappointment awaited her friend, of which the latter had no suspicion. She had, with the very best in-

tentions, hastened to comfort her, only to find that the consolation was not needed. This was an embarrassment, and she could not summon courage enough to impart the news, and, therefore, contented herself with intimations, little realizing the torture she had caused.

As Mrs. Gendenberg reflected upon her visitor's words and constrained behavior, she found more and more in them to alarm her. Alas! why had she not insisted upon an explanation? The suspense became terrible to her. When her husband came in she related her fears to him, and he resolved to call upon the lady after dinner, and beg an explanation.

He tarried fearfully long, and this only assured his poor wife of some great calamity which he hesitated to impart to her. She was at a loss what to do. She watched from the window to catch the first glimpse of her husband's approach. Past times recurred vividly to her soul. She remembered how, when she was a child of twelve Summers, she had gone with a letter in her hand which she feared to open, seeking her guardian in the village streets. She felt to-day as then. She could not tell what had happened, but a fearful foreboding oppressed her heart. The letter at that time had contained the intelligence of her parents' death. With a heart al-

most still, she had in that hour of sorrow entered her uncle's little chapel, and the breathings of a higher trust had restored her again to peace. And now in the midst of this anxiety she began to reproach herself; and falling upon her knees, she besought the Father of mercies to prepare her soul for whatever awaited it. He who had all these years sustained her, had he estranged himself? Ah, no; and this assurance drew her closer and closer to him as she cried: "Thou art my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Whom, therefore, shall I fear, and of whom shall I be afraid?" And her soul went out to the infinite bosom of a Father's love and pity, and like a tired child rested there, soothed, comforted, calmed.

The door-bell rang. Surely this was her husband! But no, it was only the postman. The letters were laid mechanically aside. One of them from India now attracted her attention on account of the unfamiliar superscription. Break this seal, Margaret Gendenberg, and you will have found the key to unlock all the mysteries of this troubled day. Of this she, too, felt certain. But she hesitates. "Thy will be done; thy will be done; thy will, O God, be done," she groaned aloud.

Hastily cutting open the letter she reads

eagerly. With a heart almost faint the sad intelligence is reached—"Pastor Wilke is dead." Yes, he is dead; and the first words which shall greet her poor child, after months of travel, will be that her betrothed has been dead for months, and that she is alone among strangers. He is dead, and the congregation to which he preached with so much fervor and acceptance will become scattered as sheep having no shepherd. The mother buried her face in her hands, and hot tears streamed from between her trembling fingers. Her husband enters. Had he heard the sad news? No, the Durlachs were not at home, and his wife must be the first to acquaint him with it. Who can censure these parents that their first thoughts go out to their only child in deepest anguish? They had also learned to love this excellent young man, and they mourned for him as for a son.

"God's ways are indeed wonderful and mysterious. To-day light, to-morrow dark," said Pastor Gendenberg. "We can only pray that Anna's heart will be comforted and reconciled to his righteous will. I am sure it will be for the best. This mysterious bereavement will lead to glorious results, but how we can not tell."

The poor mother could only weep continually; but they were tears of pain rather than

tears of rebellious discontent. Her child was on the wide sea, animated by thoughts of future happiness, hoping soon to be by a fond husband's side; but alas, this husband lay silent in the grave! What would she not have given for permission to meet Anna at Calcutta, gently break to her this distressing intelligence, then fold her in her arms where she might weep upon a mother's sympathetic bosom! But in vain. Her fondest wishes built no bridge over the vast waters. At length she said:

"Letters come to us from Calcutta sooner than Anna can reach there, do they not?"

"Of course," replied her husband; "they arrive here *via* Trieste in about five weeks; while Anna will not reach there for some eight weeks longer."

"Then she will be happy eight weeks longer, and poor Pastor Wilke has been dead now more than a month."

"Let us read the letter together," said the pastor, calmly.

It had been written by a young missionary, who had been a co-laborer with Pastor Wilke, and read as follows:

"RAMKAPUR, August.

"DEAR PASTOR GENDENBERG,—How shall I ever be able to impart to you the sad intelli-

gence of our beloved brother Wilke's death! I can scarcely realize the fact myself. When the news was communicated to our native Christians their grief was inconsolable. Every body loved him, natives as well as Christians.

"Truly it may be written of brother Wilke, 'Blessed are the meek; blessed are the peace-makers; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' He was always to be found at the side of the suffering and sorrowing; and I thank God for the privilege of laboring with him, even so short a time. His was indeed a rare, conspicuous character, and withal the personification of humility and love. His motto was, 'Work while it is called to-day,' and he literally gave himself no rest.

"Unwearied in the prosecution of his studies and in his visits among the people, imagine his joy when he became able to declare God's word to them in their own tongue. He possessed a remarkable talent for acquiring the language, and was soon able to preach with surprising facility; but I have never known any one so studious as he. The supervision of the erection of our little church and school-house was committed to him, and he even labored with his own hands in their completion. Besides, he taught fifty or sixty children daily, and whoever came

to him for medical advice or spiritual consolation was always welcomed and assisted. It is, however, not so much my intention to write concerning his life.

“Doubtless he was well-known to you; and if his death is a grief to me, what will it be to you! You are aware that the cholera is prevalent throughout whole districts of India. This year it has been unusually so. The frightful malady is partly caused by the failure of the rice crop, the price of this necessary food having been increased enormously, and in many places it can not be obtained at all. Then followed the intense heat. The wind here scorches like a glowing oven. The sun’s rays are so intense that the foliage is burned beyond recovery. We are not alone in this experience. Other regions also suffer, and complaint is everywhere rife.

“You can imagine how the poor laboring people are obliged to contend with want, when you learn that the daily wages of a coolie are from fifteen to eighteen pennies, while rice is sold at two silver *groschen* per pound. The required food is one pound daily, and it follows that the poor are in great distress. They search for a kind of root in the fields, eat all obtainable wild fruits, and even as a last resort that which was formerly used only for fodder. Obviously

this food furnishes no nutriment or strength, and when this fearful disease attacks them they are unable to resist it, and fall helpless victims to its ravages. No, not all of them helpless, for many of them were relieved by our beloved Wilke. During these trying times his strength seemed multiplied fourfold. At first he exerted himself to bring rice to Ramkapur from distant places, selling it cheap or giving it away. Then he accompanied the physician to all the sick who were accessible, caring for and relieving their bodily necessities as far as possible, besides affording them, as opportunity offered, the consolations of the Gospel. Many were convinced of the folly of idolatry, and led to pray to the God of the Padre. These exercises quickened his own graces like a fountain of cool water during these hot days, and a higher Power seemed to sustain him. When I entreated him to take care of himself, he replied, firmly, 'But I can not see these poor people suffer so without making an effort to relieve them;' and for the first time there were tears in his eyes.

"At this time the letter from your daughter arrived. Pastor Wilke was very happy in his quiet way, and this happiness seemed to increase his strength for renewed labor. But I must come to the last sad event. His great work

comes so freshly up before me, I can not realize his departure. Not far from us is quite a large storehouse for rice, belonging to one of the numerous little rajahs who reside here. This one, who lives near us, kept a lamp burning to prove his devotion to the gods. He had just replenished it with an offering called *Ghi* made of melted butter. The odor attracted some fowl, who took the burning wick from the lamp and flew with it to the roof of the magazine, letting it fall there upon the straw. In a few minutes the structure was in flames. No one here ever thinks of trying to save any thing, and a fire always burns itself out. It is very probable, under other circumstances, we would have done the same, but here was precious food being consumed that would sustain hundreds of starving creatures. With earnest entreaties we implored the terrified people to help us, and thereby saved a large portion of the rice.

“If brother Wilke had only been more considerate and not exposed himself so rashly from the burning heat to the cool night air, the sad result would probably never have occurred. A fever seized him, which was not so violent at first, but delirium set in, and he was wild with suffering. For days there was no apparent change, but at length he grew better, and we

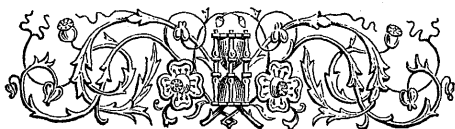
had joyful hopes of his ultimate recovery. One evening later he felt able to ride to a neighboring village to preach, and expected to return early the following morning. It must have been about three o'clock when I heard the cry 'Sahib! Sahib!' Hastening to the veranda, I discovered a palanquin before the house surrounded by its tawny bearers, and within lay brother Wilke dangerously ill. We carried him into the house and summoned the physician immediately. The fever had returned with increased violence, and he recognized no one. 'I must go, I must go home,' he cried out, attempting to rise from his couch. At times he imagined himself a little child at home with his parents, and called for persons we did not know. Your daughter's name was also frequently upon his lips. He begged constantly to be allowed to go home. Once he clasped my hand and looked upon me so rationally that I hoped his poor mind was at rest; but this was only momentary, and the restlessness continued. It lasted for hours, until finally the beautiful gate of the heavenly Jerusalem opened to him, and he entered to rest from all his labors. His remains, followed by the resident English and natives, were laid in the church-yard. He had lived here but a short time, but he was greatly revered and beloved.

He has sown precious seed at Ramkapur, whence shall spring abundant fruit."

The letter being concluded, husband and wife sat silently together for a long time. These words impressed Margaret deeply: "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." And she said to her husband:

"I remember once having said to Anna, 'What if you should arrive in India and not find your betrothed living? What then?' She replied unhesitatingly, 'Mother, I am God's child; he may do with me whatsoever he will.' I see her standing before me with sparkling eyes and beaming, hopeful face; and now I trust God will enable her to verify her words. When it moves a poor human heart to see her standing there so utterly alone, how much more will the infinite Father's heart be constrained to uphold and sustain her in this trying hour!"

"Amen!" rejoined Pastor Gendenberg; "and now our heads must not droop, for who knows what great good shall come forth from this deep affliction? Only let us trust and patiently wait."



IX.

“O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near.

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear ;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.”

LET us now go on board the great sailing vessel and accompany Anna on her long journey. When the *Pilot* had lifted anchor our young traveler's first emotions were those of sadness, and the pain of parting caused bitter conflict. It demands no small sacrifice to part forever from those we love dearly—and this parting was forever, for the true missionary spirit brooks no thoughts of return. But Anna's heart was sustained and comforted by the thought of doing God's service, and meeting with one whom it was her duty to love more dearly than father or mother. At length surrounding circumstances

tended to rouse her. It had been the bright dream and cherished desire of childhood to see this vast expanse of water, and to hear the winds murmur music, like the strains of an Æolian harp, over its snowy billows; and now this grand old ocean would be her home for many months, with nothing between her and its fathomless depths but a fragile bark. But the wind did not prove to be the Æolian harp of which she had dreamed. It was rather an angry monster, raging and whistling and tossing the fierce waves like trifles into seething foam. The captain remarked he had never during all his long voyages seen the waves lifted to a greater height.

It was very grand to see the dark billows lifted from fifteen to twenty feet in the air, only to be parted by the strong vessel in her onward progress, and fall into huge masses of silver spray over her sides. But even this sublime fury was not to be long enjoyed. The terrible surging of the boat soon made our brave heroine deathly sick, and life and death, joy, beauty, and sublimity were alike matters of supreme indifference to her.

The captain treated her with the utmost consideration and kindness, and in two days she was able to appear on deck, from which time her recovery was very rapid. She was wholly

enamored of the glorious sea, and gave vent to her enthusiasm in so many appreciative expressions that she heartily won the admiration of the sailors, who regarded her as their especial *protégée*.

On board, all nationalities were represented. There were young men from various countries seeking new homes or glittering fortunes in the fabled East; there was an English gentleman with an invalid wife and two rosy-cheeked daughters, besides a number of other interesting people; but Anna and her traveling companion, Mrs. Detwood, were the only Germans. As a matter of course the passengers, for the most part, used the English language. Anna was not well enough acquainted with it to venture much conversation, hence she was somewhat restricted to her friend's society, although she did not avoid that of others.

For the first week every body was too much engaged with himself to think or care for any one else. Every one was deathly seasick. Anna was the first one to join the captain at dinner, and both laughed heartily to see the spoons and plates dance to the rhythmic motion of the ship; and it was some time before our young voyager learned by dint of diligent practice to balance them skillfully in her hands. After a few days

the sea became calmer, as they entered the Atlantic; and soon, having crossed the equator, their miseries were at an end.

Anna was now never weary of gazing upon the splendors of the deep. Now its color was a wondrous green, then a deepest blue with shadings like the sky. In the clear sunshine it seemed a dark violet blue, with pure white tips of spray all over it. Near the vessel's sides and behind the rudder the foam whirled and seethed in the immense azure flood, and when the winds were hushed the ocean lay like molten glass of a dull leaden blue. At sunset it glittered as if bedecked with precious stones, and the far-away blue tide reflected a rosy shimmer, from which projected blue wavelets tipped with snow. How exquisitely beautiful was it all to the eyes of the astonished maiden, and how inconceivable the fact of its being monotonous and dull to her fellow passengers. These latter were obliged to fill up the dreary time with fancy-work, as well as improvise concerts and dances, to relieve their insupportable *ennui*. Of course, these were pleasant recreations enough, but Anna's mind was too much absorbed in the glories around her, and the great work upon which she was about to enter, to feel these pleasures indispensable to her happiness or comfort.

One midnight Anna was awakened by a knock at her door. Springing up, not a little alarmed, she asked what was the matter. The captain responded that there was no approaching storm, but he had aroused her to see the sea illuminated. This had been a long cherished desire, and in a few minutes she stood on the forward deck. What a wonderful spectacle presented itself to view! Driven hither and thither by the fresh breeze, and the rapid progress of the vessel, was to be seen everywhere, upon the whole surface of the water, a brilliant greenish-white phosphorescence. As far as the eye could reach, the little, foaming billows were on fire. The night was intensely dark, but every one on deck could be distinguished by this supernatural, ghastly light. At first it produced in the young girl an impression of awe, but soon this feeling gave way to profound admiration and delight. Even the clouds seemed to recognize the splendor. It was a great sea of fire. At times great balls of flaming fire appeared, then a mass of foam would come and transform these balls into what seemed to be phosphorescent vapor. Again innumerable little points would appear, which reflected fiery streaks, resembling gleaming serpents playing in the dark waves, every wave tipped with a beam of fire, and the night seemed turned to day; or it was as

if the full moon shone, although the sky was overcast with clouds, and not a single star was visible. Anna stood entranced by this indescribable splendor. She had often read and heard of this phenomenon in tropical seas, but felt that no one could have any conception of its beauty without being an eye-witness of it.

The *Pilot* neared her destination daily. The voyage had not been a rapid one, but exceedingly pleasant and safe. They had been three months and a half on the way. When the vessel entered the river Hoogly, upon which the city of Calcutta lies, our young traveler would scarcely have cared to leave the boat if the strange land, which now appeared to view, had not possessed so much of interest to her. This was her new home. Under this blue sky she would live, and beneath this warm sun she would be so happy! How attractive were the banks of this river! These strange trees, these odd buildings, these laughing blossoms! But higher yet beat her heart as a small boat approached the ship, bearing natives with fruits to sell. She saw for the first time the people for whose sake she had come to this distant land. These little, naked, tawny forms, how lovingly she gazed upon them! Just so would the people look who lived at Ramkapur, where her betrothed labored. Ah, how

much she loved them, and how eagerly would she work for them!

The *Pilot* was safely steered through the dangerous channel to Kadjaree, a station which all were impatient to reach, as it was here letters would be received from Europe for travelers *en route* to Calcutta. They had been without tidings for three months and a half. What changes might have occurred among families and friends during this long period! Anna, too, was full of joyous expectation. Letters from her betrothed, her father and mother, were surely there awaiting her. How the child longed to hear the voice of the only one she knew in this land! How she yearned for tidings from the dear ones at home! Kadjaree was plainly to be seen, and now the mail-boat approached nearer and nearer with its precious cargo. Soon it was near enough to have the great leathern pouch thrown on board. All gathered around the captain, as he distributed the letters, reading the superscriptions aloud. Anna was very still. The captain handed her one after another. There was her mother's, and she kissed it as the first greeting from the strange land. Then came Aunt Lily's, and many of her friends', but Anna looked in vain for one from Pastor Wilke. "Perhaps," she thought, "he expects to meet me at Calcutta,

and has not considered it worth while to write." But her heart had misgivings.

Soon all the letters were distributed, and Anna withdrew to her room to read and enjoy hers undisturbed. She went, but did not return; for a night, a night of gloom and darkness had enshrouded her soul. Not a star shone in the gloom. The first letter she had opened was still in her hands, not wholly read, only far enough to learn that her betrothed had been in the grave for weeks, and that all her bright hopes were crushed, all her life's plans thwarted, and she was alone, alone on a foreign shore. She sat still and silent. Above her happy voices rang out joyously, and eager feet trod hither and thither. To her it seemed as if she lay in a coffin in the depths of the earth. The sudden change from blooming hope to dead despair had completely prostrated the poor girl.

At length she began to read again the letter in her grasp. She felt as though long, long ago she had received one containing distressing news, and that now she was about to learn the details of the sad occurrence. She read at first mechanically. She already knew Pastor Wilke was dead. As she read on her interest deepened, and the first fearful pang having been mitigated, she recognized her forlorn condition. But further on

were the tender, soothing words of father and mother, which did not fail to find their way to her innermost soul, where pain and love struggled, and she burst into tears. God be thanked, hot tears flowed freely; and now those eyes were upturned to Him who understands far better the meaning and power of love than can any poor, weak, human being. Will he not bind up the bruised heart, and pour divine consolation therein?

Meanwhile the captain had read a letter addressed to him by Pastor Gendenberg, giving him an account of the affliction, and begging him to stand by the side of the desolate girl until joined by friends at Calcutta.

The old man was bronzed and weather-beaten, but his heart was kind and tender. He had children at home, and felt the deepest sympathy for poor Anna. He related the sad incident to the passengers, every one of whom deeply shared his emotions. The old fatherly captain longed to see Anna. At length he ventured to knock at her door. She opened it, and observed at once that he knew all.

"My betrothed is dead," she said, in a soft, low tone, but her voice did not falter, nor her eyes grow dim.

"I know it," replied the hardy seaman; and tears gushed from his eyes.

Anna observed his emotion, and, laying her hand upon his strong arm, she said:

“Do not weep. God knows what is best for him and for me.”

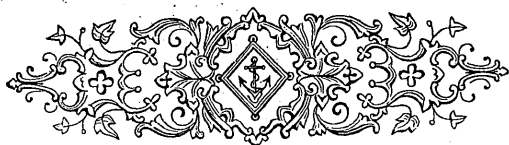
The old man looked at her in profound astonishment. Such resignation to the Divine will under such deep sorrow he had never before witnessed, and this one utterance brought him nearer to Christianity than many preachers of the Word had done. The living reality, the power and strength of religion, amazed him. Never before had he seen its potency exemplified in such a time of woe. Overcome with respect and admiration, he looked upon this fair young woman with a feeling akin to veneration. Ah, she had something more than he, with all his boasted physical vigor, to resist such an unexpected blow. Taking her kindly by the arm, he led out upon the deck. All made room for her, and manifested that tender regard which always flows towards unexpected misfortunes. She did not observe the delicate attentions, but sat apart, like one in a dream. Ah, there were the same blooming shores along the river's side; but with what different eyes she had beheld them a few short hours before. The landscape which then had laughed in the sunlight—how dead and silent it was now, beneath the setting beams,

and every little hillock seemed like the grave of her betrothed.

Two days passed wearily when at length Calcutta appeared in view. All anticipated the landing with pleasure, and could scarcely restrain their eager feet to tread this foreign shore.

Anna, too, had longed for this hour to arrive, but now it seemed a matter of indifference whether she remained on board or went ashore. Joy and expectation had taken their flight, and left only desolation and dread. Still she was cheerful, and when a small boat approached the vessel, and a pleasant-looking gentleman came on board, who, after a brief conversation with the captain, announced himself as Mr. Dalton, the English friend of her father, Anna gave him her hand gratefully, while he assured her how delighted his wife and daughters would be to receive and welcome her as their guest. Anna was deeply moved. It was wonderful how much love and tenderness these unknown friends were ready to bestow.

While Mr. Dalton attended to her baggage, Anna took a kindly leave of Mrs. Detwood, the fatherly captain and his crew. All looked at the pale young woman with hearts deeply affected, and not a few blessings followed her as she silently pressed their hands and stepped ashore.



X.

“O THOU, my God, my being’s health and source,
Better than life, brighter than noon to me!
Stretch out thy loving hand with gentle force;
Bend this still struggling will, and draw it after thee.”

AS Anna felt, she could not help being impressed with and diverted by the novelty of the scenes around her. Calcutta is not called “The City of Palaces” in vain. It was suddenly unfolded to the astonished gaze of the young stranger in all its varied splendor. There were the elegant buildings, with their innumerable forms and colors, and beautiful gardens. Here was a slender minaret, and there a brilliant pagoda or mosque, with lofty marble columns piercing the blue sky. All of these wonderful sights attracted attention, and in the midst of all the glittering magnificence thronged a stream of human beings so innumerable and so gayly attired that Anna was overwhelmed with astonishment. Every nationality was here represented, from the whitest European to the swarthiest

African, with all the shades of color between, dressed in the brightest Southern colors. Then the cries of water and burden carriers greeted the ear, and everywhere was to be seen the vender of wares displaying his treasures in open booths. Anna felt somewhat timid in the midst of so much commotion, and the very novelty of it all only made her realize more keenly her strange relations. She would have clung to her companion, but alas! he too was a stranger, and she could only repeat, "I am alone, alone!"

The way to her friend's home was a long one. Mr. Dalton's villa was situated upon the bank of the Hoogly, a few miles from the city, where a number of the wealthier merchants of Calcutta resided. Anna was very tired, and turned wearily away from the gorgeous palaces and brilliant gardens, wishing for nothing but rest in some quiet room, where she might be able to bathe her aching head with cool water, and sleep. She was now nearly nineteen years of age, but the last few days seemed crowded with years of experience. It was like a dream when the carriage stopped before the palatial residence of Mr. Dalton, where several ladies welcomed her in her native tongue, and servants were everywhere present. They escorted her to a large, elegant room, the appointments of which were perfect;

but Anna scarcely took note of these things, for, utterly exhausted in mind and body, she was glad to be led to her own chamber, there to lay aside her traveling wraps and lie down to rest and sleep.

While she is sleeping we will make the acquaintance of this family who received their guest so hospitably. Mr. Dalton was an Englishman who, like many of his countrymen, had gone to India early in life to seek his fortune. He was the son of a well-to-do merchant, and came to Calcutta indorsed with letters of introduction to the influential residents and in possession of a remarkably clear head and ready wit. He advanced step by step in prosperity, and soon became a prominent business man. He then built for himself a fine residence, furnished it expensively, surrounded himself with every luxury that heart could desire, and at length only needed a wife to complete his happiness. But where could he find her? There were very few European ladies in India, and these few did not attract him. He therefore decided to travel.

Passing through Germany, he formed an acquaintance with Pastor Gendenberg, and through him with a beautiful, accomplished lady, who afterwards became his wife. Returning to India

with his young bride, his happiness was now complete. Whatever could be procured for money, the Daltons had, and these priceless concomitants—namely, love, joy, health, and peace—were ever present in the family, and the atmosphere in which the children were reared was one of exceeding beauty and harmony.

The next morning when Anna, invigorated and refreshed, joined the family circle, she was not unmindful of the kindness that surrounded her, and she appreciated it all the more from the delicate way in which it was manifested. But now she began to realize that she must be self-reliant. She had heretofore never acted singly, and even here had anticipated the assistance of a strong heart and arm. But now it was evident she must decide for herself. The future looked dark before her, but still she longed to see what it portended.

“You must only talk when you feel like it,” said Mrs. Dalton kindly. “You must only quietly remain here and rest.”

“We want you to do just as you please,” added Mary, the youngest daughter of the family. Anna’s eyes filled with tears.

“You are all so kind,” she replied; “and now if you will excuse me I think I shall write to my parents. They can advise me best.”

"Do you think you will return to Europe?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"No," replied Anna, very decidedly; "I do not think that would be right. God has brought me here to the heathen, I dare not turn back."

"Will you still be a missionary then?" exclaimed Violet, another daughter.

"Certainly; that is my duty and calling—"

"Why yes, if you—if you—" rejoined Mary, hesitatingly, but not completing her sentence for fear of wounding her guest.

"If I had married Pastor Wilke, you mean?" continued Anna; "but I think I can still labor for the heathen."

"O, if you only knew what kind of people these 'poor heathen,' as you call them, are!" cried Violet.

"And they are just as happy as if they were Christians," added Mary.

A glance from their mother silenced the girls. Anna would have been deeply grieved, but she did not hear the last remark.

She sat in a deep reverie; for the discovery had flashed across her mind that hope and love were not wholly extinguished in her heart on account of her disappointment. Was it resignation to God's will that enabled her to bear this loss? Or had she—and the very thought gave

her a pang—was it possible she had not loved him enough? She certainly had been actuated by the best intentions, but her heart was evidently not broken. Poor Anna reproached herself bitterly, and the tears which flowed from her eyes proceeded from a very different source from that suspected by the Daltons. Nevertheless, she wrote to her parents confidently, assuring them of her belief that God would help her. She was willing to remain and labor in his vineyard, although it might be under different circumstances and in another field from what she had anticipated. Should she write to Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary Stieg? They lived far from Calcutta, but perhaps she might be of use to them. In case her parents approved this she hoped they would write to the Stiegs from Europe. Meanwhile she would remain with the Daltons, who were so kind, although the gay, worldly life they led was very different from what she had been accustomed to in her own home. This latter fact gave her much uneasiness.

After Anna had sent her letter she was calmer, for she felt she could almost divine what would be the answer, and that it would only confirm her own wishes. Therefore her elastic nature rebounded in a few days, and she rejoiced in

the coming prospect. And now, although Anna continued firm in her resolve to remain in India, she felt at times like a wanderer who, having attained the height of a weary ascent, was standing there gazing upon the prospect. Verily, every thing was different from the old surroundings. The land, the people, the customs, the domestic as well as public life—how widely different!

At first she had been inclined to shrink from all strange contact, and the family had kindly indulged her, but soon the attractions round about her gently prevailed, and she was forced to yield.

It is true a sweet undisguised love for one another ruled this circle, but the true gold of God's love was wanting, and in the grand harmony where wealth, youth, gayety, and kindly feeling sweetly accorded, there was no deep psalm-tone to be heard. It was also painful to Anna that no bridge spanned the distance between master and servant. There were so many of the latter—scarcely a palace had more, for every department of work must have its special servant. Anna could not walk into the garden without being followed by these white-robed creatures, and no wish could be even faintly expressed without being carried into immediate

effect by one of these ubiquitous attendants. It could not but be observed, also, that they all acted with entire servile submission, and Anna felt that these poor servants were in very deed heathen, having no one to care for the interests of their immortal souls. She ventured to speak in this way upon one occasion to Mary and Violet; but they assured her, with an inward sense of amusement, that it was not the custom to regard them in such a light, and that no one had time to spend teaching them; besides, the servants would only become insolent and lazy if indulged or favored.

The young missionary was silent, but renewed her determination to acquire the language at once, and begin her work on the spot.

Time passed. One day Anna observed a servant lead out into the garden a beautiful little pony. Mr. Dalton, who was standing near, said to her:

"Do you admire the pony, Miss Anna?"

"O, very much; he is too handsome!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"*Too* handsome!" reiterated Mr. Dalton. "As if any thing could be too handsome for you."

"For me!" Anna looked up with an expression of joy mingled with surprise, while the other members of the family, smiling, exclaimed:

"Papa has bought him for you to ride every morning."

Anna was silent. Mrs. Dalton, observing her embarrassment, said:

"Yes, my child, it is absolutely necessary for your health to take an early ride every morning in the fresh cool air. Later in the day, when it is warm, you can make up your neglected sleep."

Anna's heart bounded and her eyes filled. The old enthusiasm awakened in her. Ride! ride! sit on a horse and fly like a bird! But suddenly a shadow fell athwart her face. Would it be consistent with the sacrifices of a missionary's life to indulge in such a pleasure? But Mrs. Dalton earnestly assured her that riding would be a means of preserving her health, presenting the arguments of its necessity to Europeans in this hot climate, and that all the resident missionaries were accustomed to indulge in the recreation, from the eldest to the youngest. Anna's sensitive conscience was thus relieved, and she yielded joyfully to the forthcoming pleasure, but Mary could not resist the temptation of asking:

"Do you think it is a sin to ride?"

"No, no," replied Anna; "but if it were inconsistent with my religious profession, I do not think I ought to do it."

"O," exclaimed Mary, "there is n't any beauty in a religion which has so many restrictions in it."

"Be still, my child," said the mother, reprov-
ingly. "You know your father and I do not
approve such language on your part;" and the
discussion thereby ceased.

What a delight this pony proved to Anna!
At first she was somewhat timid, and rode slowly,
but soon gaining assurance she learned to gallop
briskly, and her health and spirits were thereby
greatly improved.

In the early dawn the rays of the eastern sun
did not as yet fall perpendicularly. The fresh
smiling landscape lay like a slumbering child
awaiting its mother's awakening kiss. There
stood the slender, graceful palm; yonder the
pepul, with its green leaves bedecked like old
masonry; here the gorgeous magnolia; the ba-
bool, with its golden balls; the bamboo, with its
long sweeping branches; and there, amid these
lords of the vegetable kingdom, rose the cactus,
with its burning purple-lipped blossoms lighting
the splendid flowers of the ixora-bush; while in
the distance gleamed the sparkling waters of the
river, which brightened the springing verdure
like a silver thread, and the whole scene was
bathed in a pale yellow light which neither artist

nor pen can justly portray, and enveloped in a fresh, odorous atmosphere which animated and invigorated both the mind and body of the rider. All was indescribably beautiful, and one can easily imagine our heroine's enjoyment in her morning ride.

After the ride followed a brief rest, a refreshing bath, and a delightful breakfast, at which Mr. Dalton was seldom present, as business called him quite early to Calcutta; but Mrs. Dalton presided, and pleasantly entertained her guest with reminiscences of her travels through India and elsewhere. The four ladies then sat down in easy rocking-chairs, in cool airy apartments, attired in white flowing wrappers, with not a care to molest them or a wish denied. It was now reading a new book, then practicing some new vocal or instrumental music, or painting or planning some new surprise for their father upon his return.

At times Anna would spring up and tear herself away to continue her studies in the new language with a native teacher. She regarded this study hour as one of vital importance as a preparation for her future work, but how easy it was to neglect it in the midst of this *dolce far niente* way of living. She endeavored to rouse herself to renewed diligence, promising to be able to

enjoy this agreeable idleness all the more after conscientious application.

When the sun stood in mid-heavens, every body, even the beasts of the field, indulged in *siestas*. Anna would lie upon the comfortable bamboo mats, resting her eyes upon the elegant surroundings of her room with the deepest satisfaction. The venetian blinds were closed, shutting out every ray of golden light, and the low monotonous drawing of the great *punkah*, operated by one of the servants, was very soft and soothing and sleep-inspiring. After the *siesta* followed another refreshing bath, and the time intervening between this and the late dinner was agreeably spent in little walks or visits. They ate out upon the cool inclosed veranda, in the dreamy twilight, and watched the innumerable fire-flies flitting hither and thither in the leafy groves, or the Indian glow-worm hopping amid the shrubbery and flowers, like a paradise of falling stars trembling on the earth. Indeed, this was a sweet, alluring life, wanting nothing to perfect its happiness. *Nothing?*

It was natural that strange emotions would be awakened by these new sensations in the unsophisticated heart of Pastor Gendenberg's daughter. Here were perpetual leisure and unmitigated enjoyments, creating a fullness of delight like

eternal sunshine, and all this could not be without its effect. Heretofore, having lived in the midst of pressing daily duties, followed by the dejection resulting from the sharp pain of disappointment, made the present seem to Anna as though she were a dreamer gently adrift in a flowing stream, the boat's rudder motionless, and the burden carried along between blooming shores, lured and lulled by soft music as it glided along. The voyager does not say, "Would that this might always last," but he has no longer strength or resolution to hinder it. It is true, beyond these smiling banks, behind these brilliant blossoms, starving creatures are waiting to be rescued by the idle boatman. A single effort, and a landing might be effected; but the journey is so attractive, and this alluring onward progress so full of life and beauty! At length cruel rocks appear in the stream. Steer the boat off, dreamer, or it will be wrecked, and its precious cargo will be swallowed up and swept away into the hungry sea!

Among the guests who frequented the Daltons' home there were three who attracted Anna's especial attention. One of these, Mr. Harrack, a very intelligent and widely traveled gentleman, made himself conspicuous by his rare conversational ability. He could converse upon all sub-

jects, and was a competent critic. Literature, art, and music were his specialties, and whenever he discoursed upon these subjects his listeners gave rapt attention. But he was an avowed atheist, and knew nothing whatever of the only true God or his responsibility to recognize him. In his opinion the heathen gods of India and Jesus Christ were alike absurdities, and he exercised his brilliant mental faculties to the utmost to prove to others their fallaciousness, and his utter contempt and unbelief in them all. This had its effect upon the young missionary also, and unconsciously, doubtless, to herself she drifted into the tide of worldliness more and more surely.

The second person was a young Mr. MacEver, from Scotland, an officer in the British East Indian army. He was in many respects the superior of Harrack. In addition to a fine commanding personal presence and rich mental endowments, he was a consistent Christian, and had maintained against ridicule the faith into which he had been educated, in the midst of the temptations and vicissitudes of his army life, and had even controverted the talented Harrack. It is true, he did not possess the same conversational power as the latter; on the contrary, he was rather reticent, but with his deep, underlying nature he

always managed to preserve the young missionary's creed from utter shipwreck in the midst of its luxurious surroundings.

The third person was Annunciata Nomount, an Italian lady, married to an army officer stationed at Delhi. She loved her husband extravagantly, in fact, made him her god, knowing nothing by personal experience of a Savior's love. She often talked to Anna of the power of human love and the sacrifices it was willing to endure, and although the unaffected German girl could scarcely understand such feelings, her religious character and faith were endangered by such contact.

Several months elapsed. Anna was growing more and more conformed to the world. She did not desire to be; she wanted to contend against its influence, but her struggles usually terminated in vain, fruitless endeavors. And these friends under whose hospitable roof she sojourned secretly rejoiced that their guest was becoming so unconstrained and congenial, and they heard no more about the "mission" she was to accomplish.

About this time a letter arrived from Anna's parents, containing the answer to her request to be allowed to remain in India. Her father approved the plan, and had requested Uncle Henry

Stieg to join his daughter; but at present he could not spare the time for such a long journey, and he therefore begged the Daltons to entertain Anna a little longer.

There was great rejoicing in the house that her visit was to be prolonged. But for days after this tidings Pastor Gendenberg's daughter went around like one in a dream. The words of her beloved parents seemed like an atmosphere wafted from another world, higher and purer than the one in which she lived. "I am God's child; let him do with me whatsoever he will." These words were quoted to their child. Anna pressed her hand to her heart and asked herself: "Can I indeed say this now?"

Alas! how many other thoughts filled her soul—thoughts of luxury, of a voluptuous life, and a wonderfully beautiful world, through which she might be carried high up on the wave of pleasure and prosperity. Thus had several months passed. Anna was still with her friends, although now there were moments when she longed for a change of abode and surroundings, to be free from these vain, distracting thoughts. But Uncle Henry Stieg had written that it would be impossible for him to leave his home at present, and Anna must patiently wait.

Life in India is very apt to give to the soul

a material direction, and attract the mind and body to sensual enjoyments; and Calcutta is especially the ideal of every thing pertaining to worldly grandeur, ease, and glory. The Daltons belonged to the fashionable *élite* of the city, therefore party after party and various entertainments followed in one perpetual round. If Anna had only at first participated in all these frivolities at the wishes of her friends; if she had only become interested in the scenes because they were novel and strange! But alas! it eventually happened that she took great delight in them, and the iron bands closed tighter and tighter around her soul. At times she had been attracted into this whirl of pleasure rather than remain alone at home; and then mission work among the heathen now seemed to lie so far in the distance that much of its charm had vanished. The climate was very enervating, and her whole life so luxurious. These were the "will-o'-the-wisps" that led her astray; but in spite of them all, down in the innermost depths of her better nature, she did not have peace, because she knew she had not done right. Finally, it happened that she went out with the Miss Daltons recklessly, stifling her conscience in society's demands. Ah! Anna had learned a great deal in this short time of the world's ensnaring allure-

ments. But now came the reaction and a longing to lay her weary head in a fond mother's lap and confess her waywardness. How desolate and miserable she felt after this letter arrived, and yet she must smile and play an agreeable part lest any one should suspect her anguish.

Hark! the church bells ring out lightly on the evening air. How they touch the young girl's heart! They seem like her mother's voice calling her name, and she asks:

"What kind of a church is that whose bells we hear?"

"I do not know, my dear," replied Mrs. Dalton, "but I believe they sometimes have preaching in German."

"O, do let me drive there," said Anna, impulsively.

"To-day? now? O no. Dinner will soon be ready, and I am expecting a young baron to dine with us," said Mr. Dalton.

"Please, please let me go. Old Omed can drive me safely."

Anna prevailed, as her entreaties could not be resisted. Omed was to wait at the church door for her until the service was concluded.

She hastened within the church, which was filled with worshipers. Seating herself in a corner, she gave vent to a flood of tears. How her heart

melted in this sacred place, and poured itself out in prayer for forgiveness and blessing; and God heard the panting of the hart for the water brook, and satisfied the longing soul that thirsted for him.

Anna had sunk upon her knees, and although in the midst of hundreds of people, she was alone with her God. The music ceased, the preaching began. Familiar words in the German tongue greeted her ears, and although she could not see the minister, she listened with rapt attention. "You may come to Christ just as you are, now, to-day, and he will receive you and have mercy upon you." How these words refreshed her thirsting soul! "Strength will be granted unto you to forsake sin, but you must repent and seek his grace, and forgiveness shall be yours."

Yes, forgiveness, this is what she needed more than any thing else. She had wandered far away, and was no longer worthy of being called God's child; but to-day her soul was turning to the purity and blessedness of his love, and she longed to begin a new life. But resolutions are not deeds, blossoms are not fruit.

It was after nine o'clock when she entered the parlor of her home, and dinner had not yet been announced. It was delayed on account of

the young baron, who had not made his appearance.

"This young gentleman must be a perfect Apollo, according to papa's glowing description. I am impatient to see him," said Violet, warmly.

Anna cared very little. She was in another world, and this new-comer was of no interest to her. Several guests had already arrived, Har-rack, who was leading the conversation as usual, among the number. After some further delay Mr. Dalton entered the room with the strange gentleman.

"Permit me, Baron Wallerberg, to introduce to you Miss Anna Gendenberg, from Germany," he said, pleasantly; and then presenting him to his family, he urged them all to come at once to dinner.

Anna bowed, but did not observe the baron's surprise upon hearing her name. There was, however, no time for comment, and all passed into the pleasant dining hall. Mr. Dalton presided at the head of the table. Upon his right hand sat Anna, and at his left young Wallerberg.

"You do not recognize this gentleman, Miss Anna; it has been so long since you have seen him," said Mr. Dalton, somewhat facetiously.

Anna looked at him more scrutinizingly, and suddenly recollected she had seen him some-

where. She began to wonder where—on the Rhine? Yes, it was he, the very self-same student on the Rhine. Neither spoke for a time that seemed long to both, but which was in reality a very few moments, but their eyes revealed a world of meaning.

Mr. Dalton, awaiting an answer to his question, now looked up. The young people's emotion did not escape him, and, laying down his fork, he exclaimed, "What is the matter?"

The baron at once reached his hand across the table, and Anna grasped it cordially, while all recognized a pair of happy children with beaming faces. At length the baron said:

"We knew each other in Germany long ago."

"Indeed! but when I told you who was expected, why did you not tell me, Anna?"

"I did not know the gentleman's name," replied Anna naively.

"So you did n't even know his name!" reiterated Mr. Dalton with surprise.

Anna could not help laughing heartily, and Aunt Hesse's constrained warning, "Child, child, and you have never even been *introduced*!" came up vividly before her.

The baron thereupon related the main incidents of the Rhine journey.

"But," he added, "how did you, sir, know

any thing about it when you invited me to meet Miss Gendenberg?"

"I knew nothing whatever about it, but wanted to make you acquainted because you preached in the chapel where she was an attentive listener this evening."

Anna drew back instinctively. Yes, she now recognized the voice of the minister, and she said somewhat apologetically:

"I sat in an obscure corner, and did not see the speaker's face."

At length dinner was over, and Mr. Dalton had no cause for complaint on account of reticence on the part of his guests. Some time later the two were promenading upon the veranda, and the young man related to his fair companion the reason of his presence in India. The search for his lost brother has thus far proved unavailing. He had traversed the greater part of the country, learned the language, and here and there assisted a missionary. At present he had business relations with Mr. Dalton at Calcutta.

"And I find you here! I sought my brother, and find you. How strange!"

"Yes, you found one you had never thought of seeking," returned Anna, merrily.

"Miss Anna, my heart has always sought

you far more than it did my brother," returned the young man in low, earnest tones.

An overwhelming emotion of joy thrilled Anna's being as nothing had ever done before. Just then Mr. Dalton approached, and heard the baron say:

"May I have the pleasure of riding with you to-morrow morning? I shall only be here a very short time."

The request was granted, and the company separated for the night. Anna hastened to her room after a brief good-night. What wonders this day had brought to her soul! "I am not worthy," she sobbed, but in the midst of the deepest agitation her soul was calmed by a higher Power, and sleep visited her moistened eyelids.

With free heart and clear eye she awakened the next morning too early. She could not go out before five o'clock, but her impatient escort was already mounted, and soon the little cavalcade was in motion. The horses plowed up the sand lightly with eager feet. Was the earth fairer, or the sky bluer than ever before? No one knew, but for some inexplicable reason Anna and the baron were soon far apart from the party. The sycamores, palms, and bananas waved their branches over their young heads, and they were alone in the fresh young morning with fresh young

hearts beating in unison. The horses paced slowly side by side. The young baron leaned over towards his fair companion and said earnestly :

“Anna, may we not always ride together in this way?”

Anna bowed her head assentingly.

“Will you stay at my side all my life long?”

Her lips were silent; but her eyes spoke louder than the most eloquent words, and louder than either spoke the emotions of her throbbing heart.



XI.

“HENCEFORTH it matters not
If storm or sunshine be my earthly lot;
Bitter or sweet my cup, I only pray
God make me pure, and nerve my soul
For the stern hour of strife.”

MR. DALTON, Baron Wallerberg, and Anna wrote at the same time to Pastor Gendenberg. There followed a long interval of waiting, during which the lovers were neither to see nor write to each other. But their hearts were so full of happiness and gratitude, seven years seemed to them as seven days, for at the conclusion they should belong to each other forever.

The young baron left Calcutta. Anna remained with her kind friends, who could not wonder enough over the marked change in the appearance and manner of their guest.

Week after week, month after month passed, until Anna had been a whole year in India, when a letter arrived from the Gendenbergs containing

their hearty consent to the union. The only condition they exacted was that Uncle Henry Stieg, to whom they had also written, should visit Calcutta, form an acquaintance with the young man, and that his judgment should be consulted in all the arrangements. Ah, as Anna joyfully read these words of her beloved parents, she little dreamed what it had cost both to write them. The baron's frank, manly letter, and Anna's avowal of love, had influenced them to decide favorably, but they could not doubt that he was the son of Baron Wallerberg, Senior, who had in years gone by disappointed their beloved foster-sister, Lily Stieg, and married a countess to please his father. But that this young man was animated by a very different spirit was apparent from his letter to Anna's parents, and how could they mistrust a son on account of the father's wrong-doings?

"It is a wonderful dispensation of Providence," said Pastor Gendenberg to his wife, "that the son should unwittingly atone for his father's misdeeds in our own family."

"Anna would never bestow her love unworthily," added the wife, confidently. "Young and giddy as she is, she has a wonderful insight of character, and could only love what is noble and good."

"They shall never hear of this painful past," rejoined the husband, solemnly.

It was in this spirit that they wrote to their children.

Young Wallerberg arrived in Calcutta at the appointed time, and brought with him Henry Stieg, a prematurely gray-haired man with dignified bearing, of whom Anna had heard and loved from earliest infancy. No father could have greeted his child more warmly. One could see by his countenance that he had not only experienced trials, but obtained victories; and that he was a missionary ready if need be to lay down his life for the Gospel's sake. Pastor Stieg recognized in young Wallerberg the lineaments of one who had embittered the life of his lovely sister for a time; but he praised God that such noble fruit had emanated from such a wild stem, and he took the young man closer to his heart. The latter confided to him his desire to find his brother, and declared it to be his intention to prosecute his search two years longer; after which he would enter upon the work of a missionary, for which calling his theological studies and knowledge of the Hindoo language so well adapted him. He proposed to spend the time at central points, in order, if possible, to attract his brother, and at the end of two years

he felt the promise to his mother would be fulfilled, and he could devote himself entirely to the seeking of perishing souls around him, and through them perhaps eventually find his lost brother. Intelligent persons can appreciate the propriety of this plan, and if two years of travel appear useless it may also be remembered that the young couple could meanwhile be not only very happy but very useful.

"Anna, what do you think of this two years' journey?" asked Mr. Dalton upon one occasion. "I think you will enjoy the variety, and that you are not sorry."

Instead of replying to this question, Anna looked up into the face of her betrothed with beaming eyes.

"Well, what do you say, my child?" said Uncle Henry, insistingly.

"I am happy and contented with him, whether at home or abroad," replied Anna, heartily.

The others all laughed, while the baron rubbed his hands as cheerily as he had done upon that memorable occasion in the Rhine journey, and was about to respond when the door opened, and the long, lank figure of Joseph Knoll entered. With inimitable distortions of body he advanced towards Anna, making a profound bow like the closing of a gigantic penknife, and said,

interrogatively, "I beg your pardon, miss, but you wish to marry my master?"

Anna nodded her head assentingly.

"I beg your pardon;" and here the penknife threatened to close forever. "It is glorious to love such a man. I would go to the ends of the earth, or fall into the jaws of a crocodile, for his sake."

"Yes, dear Knoll, I am sure you would;" and Anna felt assured, as did all the others, that they were indebted to this faithful peasant for more than once risking his life for the sake of his master and friend.

"But we have one more request," said the bridegroom when Knoll had retired. "Uncle Henry must remain and marry us."

"Will the wedding take place so soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton with surprise. "We would gladly keep Anna with us longer."

The latter looked up gratefully to her friend. She would willingly enough stay, but another separation from her betrothed seemed unbearable. However as Pastor Stieg could only remain with them two weeks the wedding day was at once decided upon.

At length the eventful day dawned. It was one of those charming January mornings in the cold season, which compares with one of June

in Germany. Mr. Dalton's villa resembled a blooming flower garden. Garlands of roses, lilies, jessamines, with myriads of other flowers ornamented the veranda and covered the bushes. At Anna's request the wedding guests were limited to the most intimate friends and relatives of the family. How she longed to receive a parent's benediction upon this solemn hour. True, she had received letters and kindly wishes; she felt assured their prayers lovingly encompassed her, and she could gaze upon their portraits, adorned and suspended near the wedding table. But what was all this to one precious word from their lips, one glance eye to eye?

The bridal pair had arranged to enjoy a final morning's ride together. As they entered the woods, they left the horses in charge of servants, and sat down hand in hand. Both were silent. High above their heads the tree-tops rustled in the breeze. All around was still. God was present, and their hearts realized it.

"O Martin," murmured Anna, "I am sometimes afraid I do not love God supremely. I think more about you than I do of him."

"Anna, we will ask him to enable us both to love him more than ever before," was the earnest response.

"If I could only see a fault in you!" contin-

ued Anna; "it is fearful to think of marrying one in whom you can find no blemish."

Martin's hearty laugh rang through the woods.

"O Anna, how I do pity you!" he exclaimed merrily.

But tears stood in the fair girl's eyes, and with the deepest feeling she continued:

"Martin, you have no idea how wicked I am. Mamma is often obliged to reprove me, and I have often been unkind to poor Pastor Wilke, as well as unamiable to my friends here. But, worse than all, I have neglected and offended my Heavenly Father many times. When I was disappointed or depressed, I prayed; but when every thing around was bright and fair, I scarcely thought of him," and she wept bitterly.

The trees rustled so loudly that Martin's answer was unheard; but it was not long before they sat with clasped hands and upturned faces, reciting:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy

rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Then Anna was silent. The future seemed too bright for any dark valley ever to cross her pathway; and the past was all forgiven. The present was flooded with sunshine, and one she loved more than life was beside her. Martin said:

"Anna, I must be a missionary, The misery of the heathen is very great. There is need of workers at home, but every one can not go abroad. I am now here, and if I find Curt he will be heir of our possessions; if not, I can manage the estate for him. My duty lies here among this people, and yours also, dear Anna."

The latter pressed his hand assentingly. Ah, how beautifully love and duty harmonized! She had no inclination to press the inquiry what her duty would have been if her betrothed had chosen some other calling. She was simply thankful and satisfied that every thing was just as it was.

Violet and Mary had woven myrtle wreaths, and as the sun went down they crowned their young friend. One of the rooms was trans-

formed into a chapel, and Uncle Henry officiated at the marriage ceremony. A sigh arose to his lips as he looked upon the young bride. How the past rushed upon him with its joys and sorrows! How vividly Anna's mother appeared before him at the altar, but not with himself; alas! with another. But now it was well, and he was submissive to God's will.

When the wedding was over it was lonely in the Dalton mansion. How striking the contrast between the weeping girl who had entered their home a year before and the happy bride who had just left them! They missed this little maiden sorely. Her merry laugh and pleasant words were of sweet memory; but had the inmates of this luxurious home experienced nothing more from her presence among them? Had they ever suspected whence came this young Christian's happiness? Had they recognized in her life something higher and better than gold could purchase? Had they discerned from afar the glorious aim, the eternal life, foreshadowed by her conflicts and resistances? or had these been too feebly carried out? Time and eternity alone can answer.

Let us take leave of this pleasant family for a time and follow the young bridal pair on their journey; and in order to do this with the least

weariness we shall glance now and then at the letters they write home. Here are some of Anna's:

“MY DEAR, PRECIOUS MOTHER,—We have been several days already on the way, and I have seen more that is beautiful than in all my previous life, except, perhaps, the eventful Rhine journey. Martin is always at my side, and, as you may imagine, his presence is not very conducive to letter-writing. We travel in the most comfortable and delightful manner—for the most part in a palanquin. Where am I? you ask, dear mother. The latitude you demand in vain. Martin will doubtless tell you. I only know we are on the way to Delhi, perchance to find some trace of our brother. We travel very slowly. A whole caravan must be put in motion in order to make it pleasant for us. A guide leads the procession, to whom several indispensable torch-bearers are added at night. Then follows our palanquin, which is large enough for two persons to sit or lie comfortably in it. It is handsomely furnished, contains a box for provisions, and is borne by several coolies, who are relieved every ten minutes. Other coolies carry the baggage. We are obliged to suffer a whole train of them, besides employing an ox-cart to transport a tent, and our riding horses bring up the rear. In

addition to all these are numberless servants. I am afraid to say how many, as our cavalcade seems like one of mediæval times.

“Over the whole presides faithful Knoll. I wish I could give you some conception of his immense height compared with the diminutive natives he commands, and who look up to him with undisguised respect. Knoll is of course greatly pleased with this homage, and imagines himself king of the troop, behaving accordingly. The servants never dare to oppose him directly; but with their lies and evasions they sometimes put his patience to a severe test.

“Whenever the coolies carry the palanquin or baggage they groan over it continually, partly for policy and partly to keep in a good humor, strange as this may seem. This groaning is a succession of sounds, such as *ha, ha, ha; ho, ho, ho*, combined with an imitation of the frog’s utterances at Steinfeld, and pious ejaculations, such as ‘O Ram,’ ‘O Pandyn,’ ‘O Swaim!’ Sometimes they improvise a quaint song, in which Martin and I join, after which they never fail to beg for ‘little money.’

“At times we travel at night, and rest during the hot hours of the day near a spring or large tree, or again we rest over night in some heathen temple—for money here opens the way every-

where—but our servants are obliged to wage a war with bats, monkeys, snakes, and, I may add, filth, before we can enter one of them; for this reason I usually prefer to sleep in the palanquin. Let me describe to you one of Knoll's daily experiences with the men.

“Knoll says: ‘It is time to be on the move. Tell the guide to get ready.’ The coolie replies, ‘Yes, sir.’ A quarter of an hour passes. ‘Have you told the guide?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘But I do not see him.’ ‘No, sir; he is not there.’ ‘Not there? O, these miserable “Injuns!” You said you had told him.’ A pause, and Knoll resumes: ‘Where is he, then?’ ‘I do not know, sir.’ ‘Will you find him at once?’—peremptorily. ‘Sir, he has gone to the village’—indifferently. ‘Go and bring him here.’ ‘Sir, he said he would not guide any further.’ ‘Cursed “Injuns!”’ *sotto voce*, followed in tones of thunder. ‘Go this instant and bring him here.’ At length, in an hour's time, the guide comes saunteringly along. ‘Come, come, hurry up,’ says Knoll, all patience exhausted; ‘we shall be overtaken by the heat.’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Where are the oxen?’ ‘Sir, they have run off,’ etc.

“Enough, dear mother, to show you how difficult it is to accomplish any thing here. As usual, Knoll has a search for the oxen, for hav-

ing nothing by which to secure them they wander off at their own sweet will, and it is doubtful which has cost Knoll the more vexation, running after the oxen or the Hindoos' lies.

"Martin and I never wait for the termination of these scenes, but walk on through the country, which is indescribably beautiful. The whole land is a garden. Yesterday we reached an interesting little town surrounded by low ranges of hills—a rarity here—intersected by quite an important river. In many places this river, shut in by steep banks, is very attractive, especially during the rainy season. A few miles from the city it cuts through high marble rocks, and winds intricately among them, roaring and rushing in its progress so that it is difficult to find its outlet. In one place the marble is so dazzlingly white that the eyesight is almost blinded. We took a journey up this stream in an awkward-looking, though comfortable boat, and approached these picturesque rocks untrodden by foot of man. Adjutants and flamingoes fly hither and thither, while splendid peacocks strut among the steepest places with apparent ease and security. Suspended from the corners of the rocks are long bee-hives, filled, no doubt, with the most luscious honey, but inaccessible to man. Beneath some of the overhanging rocks are innumerable tiny

birds'-nests, such as swallows build, clustered in groups like a small city, every one with a little round opening. At this point the boat turns back, not being able to proceed farther. In the full moonlight the effect of the scene was still more beautiful, and possessed an especial charm to your romantic daughter. O mamma, life is very beautiful to me! After some further journeying we are glad to get back into the arms of civilization and a comfortable dwelling; and now we are in the holy city of Benares.

“What do I know of Benares? Martin tells me it is the most celebrated city in Hindoostan, and has a population of from two hundred thousand to one million. It is situated upon the left side of the Ganges, which here varies, according to the season, between fifty and ninety-two feet in depth. It covers, as it were, an amphitheater of three miles in front and one mile in depth; the immediate margin of the river, which is comparatively steep, being chiefly occupied by flights of steps, or *ghats*, as they are called, where crowds of all classes spend the day in business, amusement, or devotion. The streets, or rather alleys, like those of most Oriental cities, are very narrow, altogether impracticable for wheeled carriages, and barely afford a passage to individual horsemen, or a single

beast of burden; and these thoroughfares, besides being shut out from sun and air by buildings of several stories, are said to be shared with the numerous passengers by sacred bulls that roam about at will. Many of the streets have marble archways. The Brahmins assert these were once of pure gold; but the people, not having honored the priesthood enough, as a punishment these arches were turned into stone. A large majority of the inhabitants consist of Brahmins, who are very wealthy. Many rich and influential Hindoos also reside here, believing they can best care for the interests of their souls on this sacred spot.

“According to the Brahmins the city is especially holy for ten miles in circumference. Even a European enjoys the divine blessing within its sacred precincts. Religious structures of every kind, temples, altars, *ghats*, etc., are almost innumerable. During the time of an eclipse of the sun or moon, thousands of Hindoos visit the city, and at a given signal from the priests, with a deafening yell, at the same moment all rush into the Ganges. This causes an immense wave to be uplifted upon the opposite side of the river. Boats are upset, and many of the poor, ignorant fanatics are drowned. However, this sacred stream is regarded by thousands as the

most desirable death-bed in the world, and to be coveted rather than avoided.

“The people of Benares are at the same time the most intelligent as well as the most superstitious to be found anywhere. With the best instruction, the nursing of superstition goes hand in hand. The general education of the Hindoo does not develop his mental faculties to any great extent. His head is filled with foolish legends, which he is bound to believe or be regarded impious. The reputation of both city and people chiefly hinges upon its exceeding holiness, and pilgrims thither contribute vast sums of money towards its maintenance. One finds here, besides, many who have grown rich through trade. Here are immense shops of Indian merchandise, especially diamonds. The city is famous for its lapidaries and jewelers. More precious stones are said to be polished here than anywhere else in the world.

“Let me contrast to you a rich and a poor man's dwelling. The former contains every thing that wealth and culture can procure—pictures and bronzes, mosaics from Rome, porcelains from Sevres, English and French furniture, in fact, every thing to render the appointments elegant and complete. The *baboo* (gentleman of the house) may be found in his own apartment,

luxuriously attired, reclining upon the floor with the inevitable *punkah* above him and an English journal in his hand. This room is very handsomely furnished, but the pictures adorning the walls do not evince a very cultivated taste. With geography, commerce, and the political relations of all countries this *baboo* is perfectly familiar. He converses intelligently about the gold fields of California and Australia as well as the Russian campaign, and expresses a desire to travel in Europe if his religion did not forbid leaving his own land. When we called upon him Martin ventured to let fall a word about the true God, which he haughtily resented with a deprecating wave of his hand, saying: 'Let that pass, and talk of something more interesting.'

"Yesterday, before break of day, I went out to a suburb of the city where the poor natives live. At this early hour most of them were still asleep. All classes of them, artists, laborers, and mechanics, were lying upon mats or on the bare ground in the open air, every one as near as possible to the threshold of his own dwelling. The men wore turbans, the women caps. Every one lay with his face covered with a portion of his garment, to protect it from the dew and insects. At the approach of day all rise, throw off their coverings, and begin their toilets,

still in the open air. The married woman brings water and pours it upon the head and shoulders of her husband, who remains seated. She then washes and anoints him, combs and braids his long hair, which frequently forms only a tuft on the crown of the head. After which she paints his forehead in oblique or perpendicular lines in various colors, white, yellow or red, according to his religion—Brahma, Vishnu, or Siva—and also to denote his caste. The operation concluded, the lord and master seats himself like an ape on the door-step of his home, and smokes his *hookah* complacently. His wife, or rather wives, clean the house and that part of the street which has served for a sleeping apartment, before making their own toilets. Then the walls are sprinkled with cow-manure that has been dissolved in water. This is done for two reasons: The cow is sacred to the Hindoo, and this water is consecrated; besides the solution destroys impurities and banishes insects."

"DELHI.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I think God has given me the best husband in the world, perhaps because I am the weakest and most inexperienced wife that ever existed. Upon our arrival here we were very hopeful to learn something of Curt. There

were indications that he might be found in some of the numerous regiments stationed here, but after diligent search and inquiry we were again disappointed. Martin is quite dejected, and this is very unusual for him, but it is hard to see one hope after another wrecked, and our joy in beautiful Delhi is somewhat lessened in consequence. What splendid buildings, palaces, mausoleums, mosques, and obelisks are here! The resident king is, we are informed, wholly dependent upon the East India Company, and receives a fabulous annual income therefrom. Every honor is paid to him which belongs to a crowned head, except obedience. Only think what a huge household he maintains! The royal family alone numbers three hundred princes and princesses. The palace is a pearl of architecture. The grand hall of state, which you enter after having passed through four splendid courts, is a magnificent white marble pavilion, elevated about three feet from the ground, like most Mohammedan structures. The floor is a vast design of exquisite mosaic work, in green serpentine, lapis lazuli, blue and green porphyry. A scarlet drapey is suspended from the center of the pavilion, which rests upon massive white marble columns, the lower parts of which are inlaid with costly flower-mosaics, while the upper parts are

rich in gold ornamentation. On the frieze is this inscription in Persian: '*If there be an Elysium on earth it is this.*'

"One of the mosques—the principal one—has recently been completed at a cost of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. As in Benares, the goldsmiths are famous for the delicacy of their work, and the elegant Cashmere shawls, of which we have read so much, are embroidered in silk and gold in this city. Father will be interested to hear of the celebrated college here, which has separate departments for the English, Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit languages. It is indeed a wonderful, wonderful city."

"IN THE HIMALAYA.

"Since the above was penned, we have been constantly in motion. We are now in the mountains, a beautiful region. The hot season is upon us, and we were obliged to flee the plains and escape to the mountains, where we are living a kind of nomadic life. If you and father were only with us my happiness would be complete. I never before realized so deeply the splendors of God's creation. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful combination of mighty peaks and massive mountains, with their soft, springing verdure and thick, charming forests

than we find here. When we have climbed one pinnacle, another appears suddenly beyond as if by magic. We see masses of unhewn rock, awful steeps, snow here, and green valleys yonder. We ride when it is possible, but find it necessary in some dangerous places to creep on our hands and feet. You should see how splendidly the little mountain ponies climb. Sometimes we ride along a stretch of mountain-top, again down into deep valleys that make one dizzy to look into. We make slow progress, you may be sure—for it is very fatiguing to hasten—resting over night here and there, and remaining several days in some one place. The people in this region are much more thrifty and more trustworthy than in Bengal. They bring us milk and fruit, frequently without charge. I am a great curiosity to them, and my dress is the surprise and wonder of the women.

“All the route is lovely, and at times startlingly beautiful. Mountain brooks rush down from the summits, pretty little woods appear in unexpected places, and occasionally we pass a solitary dwelling or small village. The houses are all alike, built of stone and logs covered with slate, with roofs after the Chinese fashion, and open balconies or verandas. They are two stories in height. The family occupy the upper

and the cattle the lower apartments. To-day, after a difficult ascent, we reached a wonderful height. The route wound zigzag through a fine cedar and oak forest. Suddenly high above us a glorious spectacle was unfolded to view. The entire chain of snowy mountains, of which hitherto we had only caught glimpses, was before us in its vast expanse. We could only stand in awe and lift up our hearts in prayer to the Creator of this eternal realm of ice and snow. The way from this spot was like a garden of loveliest growth. Here were flowers, fruit trees, rice and potato fields, with clumps of oak, fir, cedar, rhododendrons, yew, hazel, cherry, and apple trees, verily a kind of Eden. Not long after, we reached the rapid river Sutlej which must be crossed by a rope bridge. This was very curious. From the high rocks on either side from five to eight ropes are swung and secured. Beneath these are lighter ones, upon which a seat is fastened, and which runs on pulleys. Travelers are thus drawn over an abyss of two or three hundred feet, at the foot of which is a rushing, roaring torrent, in this manner. Another way of crossing rivers is astride a distended ox hide, which is conveyed over by guides who swim near, supported also by ox hides. They had the kindness to improvise a kind of

couch for me on two of these strange conveyances, and the guides carried me over safely and comfortably. The climate is delightful, the sky of the purest blue. Nature is grand, and we are very happy. My life appears like a fairy tale, and I can not imagine how any dark valley can ever present itself. My husband is every thing to me. I often wonder why he ever chose me for his wife. He has so many gifts that have been denied to me. For example, I am so little musical and can only sing and play our simple home songs and chorals, while he lives in music. His violin accompanies us everywhere, and when he plays the heathen gather around in rapturous delight. Ah, these poor benighted people, so full of misery and ignorant of a Savior! At every step one only sees gods and idols. But the poor creatures do not seem unhappy, although I continually reproach myself for living so much for self, while you, dear mamma, are doing so much at home."

The following postscript is from Martin:

"My dear little wife, what a burden she represents herself to be! This traveling is the life of her and its effects will be marvelous hereafter. But she is correct in her opinion of the heathen. Their condition is a wretched one, and yet I can easily see how some Christians could

easily drift into their ways of living in such an atmosphere. One should live here several years properly to estimate the benefits of the established forms of Christianity. The outward forms of the Hindoo religion, that is, churches, institutions, monuments, hospitals, asylums, etc., have their effects upon the feelings, sentiments, and actions of men, which only those who have been for a long time deprived of the benefits of the Christian religion can realize. Our Gothic churches have great power, as those well know who are accustomed to them and have been deprived of them. And yet we do not remember that the senses must be exercised, as the Mohamedans and Hindoos do. The boasted purity of the former faith manifests itself in beautiful forms and magnificent spectacles. But with us it is different. We are only able to erect a few plain small chapels, or mayhap worship in any building that can be obtained. This I think is an error. I believe God is apprehended not only through reason and conscience, but through the senses, and that religious impressions are received, especially by these people, by a separation from every day scenes, with its trials or even pleasures. Where a man works, the place should be appropriate for his duties, and where a man worships equally so. Do not think me imaginative, you would

agree with me if you were in a land where every thing gives evidence of culture and thought except your own religion; but I am persuaded more and more that rest, peace, order, and true happiness will never prevail here until it is a Christian land. The East India Company, which recognizes no creed, and yet wishes to control this people, may take heed—their dream can not last forever. Whosoever soweth the wind shall verily reap the whirlwind.”



XII.

"LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

THUS a whole year was passed in joy and pleasure by the young pair, clouded only by vain endeavors to find young Baron Curt. The Wallerbergs really wished to spend the cold season at the mission where the Stiegs lived; but Anna's health was so feeble the difficult journey thither could not be undertaken. They therefore remained for several months in a large city, and here a child was born to them, a fine, healthy boy, whom the happy parents named Curt. But Anna's health was still vacillating. There were weeks and months during which her husband waged severe conflicts with himself when the question came up, Can I leave them? He looked upon his wife and little helpless

child, while fearful anxieties filled his soul whether his flower would ever bloom so gayly again as it had done in the past, or wither in this hot plain. There was little time to think of the outer world. His world was the room in which wife and child were.

At length Anna grew better, and recuperated so encouragingly that there was every prospect of her being able to go to the mountains, there to recover her elasticity in the pure, fresh air. But her progress was slow, and it was May before they were ready to start.

May of the year 1857! The next day the journey was to be undertaken. Anna sat with her husband's arm encircling her near the cradle of her little one, recounting the goodness and mercy of God towards her during all these trying months. Both were hopeful and grateful. And now the pathway of these loved ones is about to pass under the crushing wheels of the world's events, but we will not forsake them. Let us as they journey on glance at the condition of the country through which they are about to pass.

For a century Bengal had been under the dominion of the English, or rather, under that of the "East India Company"—a well known commercial organization. In order to keep this

vast territory in subjection the company maintained a large army, of which only about one-seventh consisted of European soldiers. The others were all natives, called Sepoys. It is well known that the whole Indian people are divided into castes—not mere grades for appearance's sake, but grades which are essential to their very existence. The highest caste is the Brahmin, or priest, comparable to God. Upon these Brahmins every thing depends, and it is the life struggle of a Hindoo to preserve this caste, if necessary with life itself. This system secures its influence over all the people, and has been interwoven with their being for thousands of years, having mightily overcome its adversaries. Before the dawn of Christianity, Buddhism endeavored to establish itself here, but was driven from the field. Then followed the Islam from inner Asia, which founded at Delhi a Mohammedan temple, and dealt Brahminism fearful blows, but the latter had a tough life and survived. Then it was that the kingdom of the Moguls, for a century under the oppression of the English army, gave way; but the Brahmins, with their splendid religious services, remained unshaken in unenfeebled might. After these a third enemy approached, namely, Christianity. But the commercial company that ruled the land

had, above all things else, their own interests to maintain. They believed this would only be advanced by allowing the Hindoos to practice their religion with all its horrible treachery unmolested, giving them no opportunity of knowing or learning any thing better.

On this account the barracks of the Sepoys were closed to all religious influence. It is true, every one has a right to perfect liberty in spiritual matters; but, on the other hand, when a strange government rules a people, its social and moral principles must permeate the governed to a greater or less extent, and if this government be an enlightened one it has a duty to perform towards one less favored than itself. Experience has proved that those natives who had embraced Christianity were faithful during the following terrible scenes.

The mutineers were an essential fruit of that policy which was founded on the principle of excluding the ennobling influence of Christianity from the army, and cherishing their heathenish perfidy, which eventually turned against them in so frightful a manner with the sword. Besides, where Christianity did not find an entrance, the old doctrine of infidelity took its place, the gods tottered, caste was disturbed, and the Brahmins were in trepidation for their very existence.

At Benares a slight earthquake had occurred, precipitating one of the large, elegant *ghats* into the Ganges. In one place it had sunken six feet in the water and was gradually sinking further. These *ghats* were adorned with several small heathen temples. A Brahmin stood there thoughtfully and said: "Just as certainly as these *ghats* have sunk with their temples, our religion will sink; and just as the gods of this temple have not been able to rescue it, neither will they be able to save our religion. It, too, will perish."

While some maintained a stupid indolence, others waged a desperate war of life and death between Brahminism and Christianity. The Hindoos recruited a frightful ally in their former enemy, the Mohammedans. The latter had not forgotten their pristine glory. They dreamed of the restoration of the emperor's throne and his dominion. The old emperor was still living at Delhi, and they longed to array him in royal purple. To them the point of war was not so much of a religious as of a political nature, and they were in sympathy with the Brahmins in this respect—that the recruiting place must be the army. If this were unfaithful to the English the dominion of the latter would speedily be destroyed.

A fearful conspiracy was inaugurated, which spread over the whole country. "Death to all Europeans" was the rallying cry. Delhi, the political center of the new Mohammedan government; Benares, the religious center of Brahminian glory; Calcutta, the center of English power and greatness—these were the places at which the main blows should be directed.

The Brahmins hoped for the restoration of their waning power and glory; the Moslems perceived themselves once again the lords of India; both were united upon the overthrow of Christian power, whose hand lay so heavily upon them. The war was planned, all preparations secretly completed, the prospects pregnant with success could not be more favorable. The momentous hour for the uprising came.

The Wallerbergs could only make slow progress. They traveled mornings and evenings towards their goal, the mountains. It was the hot season, and Europeans dared not risk too much by rapid progress. They spent the mid-day hours in cool buildings, and as Martin was conversant with the customs and language of the people they experienced no difficulties. All at once the natives began to be strangely excited. News of a great rebellion began to be whispered, together with the tidings that Barak-

pur, Mirat, Lucknow, Delhi, Allahabad, and all the large cities were in the hands of the rebellious soldiers; besides, the Europeans were murdered and fugitive, and the Mohammedan emperor was seated on his golden throne. While Martin believed much of this was unreliable he also felt assured that there was some truth in it, and it did not escape him that the conduct of the natives was greatly changed, from a former servile submission to one of haughty insolence. The Hindoos clinched their fists covertly. They did not know the exact state of affairs, and feared their own fate if the English should finally be victorious. Martin maintained a confident bearing, and impressed them by intimidation. Secretly he and faithful Knoll were zealously endeavoring to obtain reliable tidings and if possible reach the Europeans, and they pursued their way eagerly, to reach Delhi, where the garrison and treasures of the English army were stationed, which would naturally be supposed to be a place of comparative safety.

One evening Martin observed suspicious looking forms approach his company, and being aware of their cowardice and treachery he resolved to leave the place as soon after midnight as possible. When morning dawned only two of his followers would consent to go with him,

the others, in fact, having vanished during the night. The necessity was urgent. Knoll endeavored to secure new guides with the promise of double and even triple pay, but in vain. They either would not or could not be persuaded, having been intimidated by the insurgents, who threatened that every one who assisted the Europeans would be murdered. It was useless to linger. Martin revealed the state of affairs to his wife saying :

“You must leave your easy palanquin, as we have no carriers. Curt can lie in his basket. Select our most necessary clothing; we must go forward. Perhaps we shall soon find a conveyance and reach Delhi, where we have friends and missionaries. Be hopeful, but we must hasten in the cool air of the morning.”

The young wife was deathly pale for a few moments, but soon it seemed as if all her feebleness had vanished. With a firm hand she selected the most necessary articles, which the two faithful servants carried. Knoll took little Curt, followed by his ayah, who would not leave him, and they began their weary way, not, however, until they had implored God's blessing upon their future with an intensity of soul never before experienced. They wandered hither and thither, having no guide, but kept Delhi in view

as their goal, hoping there to receive tidings and protection. The tropical sun streamed down upon them like the breath of a fiery furnace. Anna kept up bravely, and went forward with almost super-human courage. But Martin observed with pain that her feet were growing sore, and overtaking an empty ox-cart, prevailed upon the driver, by dint of large pay, to carry them. As they approached a village the man suddenly set them down in an open field and went on. Here, without protection from the burning sun and hot wind, they could not remain; but happily they were not far distant from a wood, which they reached with much effort. There they found, to their joy, fresh, cool water to bathe their bodies, and prepared food for themselves. While they were resting here Anna heard, in the distance, the cry of a child. Martin hurried to the spot, and soon returned, carrying a child and supporting a lady, who also pressed a little one to her bosom.

There are moments in the human life when all the strength of the mind and body seems concentrated in the eyes, so that we neither think, feel, nor know, only see. Anna looked thus upon this woman, and without doubt soon decided that she was none other than Mrs. Nomount—An-nunciata, the beautiful, beloved, beaming lady

she had met at the Daltons'. But how changed! Pale now, with disheveled hair, her elegant clothing in tatters, her hands and feet bleeding and torn by thorns, and the fire of insanity gleaming in her wild, rolling eyes. A little three-year old boy grasped her hand and a one-year old girl was on her arm. What a terrible history was depicted in her countenance!

She did not recognize Anna, who endeavored kindly to succor her as well as soothe and quiet the children. The mother only accepted a drink of water, then tried to relate the dreadful experiences through which she had passed, in broken utterances, the main points of which are as follows:

Without the slightest premonition she had been aroused the previous morning at her home in Delhi, where her husband was stationed with his regiment of Sepoys, by a volley of musketry. Her husband had said, "The insurgents from Mirut are here. They have murdered the president and his officers; we must disperse them." With a kiss he left her. She rushed to a window, and witnessed his regiment refuse to obey orders, and separate right and left in order to expose their commanders. Furious riders then approached, and a frightful massacre began. She was about to hasten to her husband when a pistol shot felled him to the earth. Now she no

longer hesitated, but rushed wildly to the spot, pressed through the ranks, and reached him. He still breathed and recognized her. An expression of joy lighted his face, and he whispered, "I am dying, save the children." She essayed to carry his body into the house, but the rabble prevented it, and the dreadful carnage went on. Suddenly looking up, she observed a dark form approach her boy in the window. Springing up she reached the room, pursued by several soldiers, but with gigantic strength succeeded in barring the door and effecting her escape through the garden and over the wall with both children. Every place was deserted, as the massacre had gathered all the people in the vicinity to the spot, hence she was at liberty all day. A kind-hearted woman had supplied her with bread and milk on the way, and she had finally reached this place in the woods. She was several hours from Delhi, and there she believed were her husband's remains.

The little circle heard the recital of her misfortunes in petrified astonishment. They looked upon her, and believed a like fate awaited each one of themselves. In the midst of a region surrounded by flames, whither should they direct their steps? Evidently to the mountains. There would be found European regiments, and there

were the Sikhs, always inimical to the Hindoos and Mohammedans. But how could they be reached without guides? How could they pass through herds of fanatical, murderous Mohammedans without protection? for evidently the British reins had fallen with their hands.

What a contrast between the condition and surroundings of Mrs. Nomount since Anna had last seen her! Then, she was a happy wife in the elegant parlor of the Daltons; now, the miserable widow, the forsaken, helpless mother, beset with dangers on every side. It often happens that while high, daring characters are cowardly in times of danger and develop weakness, nature gives at such times to lesser ones a courage and discretion which is surprising. The latter was the case with our feeble Anna. While Martin was deliberating upon the best methods of action and endeavoring to get news from Delhi, his wife felt she must summon all her strength for the journey. She attended to the wants of all, and embracing her poor friend confidently, begged her to rest for her children's sake.

"Rest," the poor creature cried; "there is no rest for me but in my husband's grave. O let me go and bring him here!"

"But your children, how much they need a mother!" said Anna soothingly.

“His children!” The wretched woman embraced them both with passionate tenderness, and continued: “Poor little ones! They have neither father nor mother; promise me,” she exclaimed wildly, after a pause, “that you will be a mother to my children, and never forsake them.”

Anna’s eyes wandered to her own little one. Alas! how could she promise? In a few hours Curt, too, might be an orphan. But her death would free her from the vow, and the eyes of the mother looked longingly into hers as she again besought her.

“Promise me; will you be a mother to my children? I shall not live long. Will you take care of them?”

Martin approached his wife and bowed his head. Anna laid her hand into the hot, burning palm of Annunciata, and said firmly: “I will.”

A gleam of satisfaction irradiated Mrs. Nomount’s face.

“I will soon be there; death is already upon me,” she said earnestly, and then embraced her children and caressed them with endearing Italian names.

“Have you no relatives to whom we might transfer the children if possible?” asked Martin.

“None,” replied Mrs. Nomount, while a bit-

ter expression flitted across her face; "none whatever in all the world."

Just then a fearful outcry was heard, and in a moment a horde of war-drunk Mohammedans, the wildest of the wild, surrounded the little group, and fiercely demanded their lives. It was useless to offer resistance. Martin entreated his family to sit perfectly still, as submission was the only possible means of escape. At first the ruffians were attracted from the consideration of their captives to the booty, which was to them a valuable one, and they sat down to consult about it, as well as to decide what to do with their prisoners. Martin listened attentively to their conversation, and discovering the name of Kifu Timur often repeated by them, surmised that he might be their leader, and it seemed better to fall into his hands, if possible, than into those of this reckless horde. He therefore inquired for Kifu Timur. Astonished at the question, they began to suspect that he was no ordinary person. But he was an infidel, and with the roughest words and cuffs they drove the prisoners forward, tying the men's arms. And now follows a scene which makes the blood run cold and the pen refuse to transcribe.

An impudent fellow standing near Mrs. No-mount's little son, while the attention of the party

was otherwise engaged, approached the child with lightning swiftness. The little one, proud and shy, pushed him away. This inflamed the ferocious monster in the highest degree. In an instant he seized the unfortunate boy and dashed his brains out upon a stone. With a piercing cry that made the air tremble, Mrs. Nomount sprang upon the murderer, who lifted the torn, bleeding little body before her eyes, and grinningly said: "Dog of an infidel, drink that!"

It was his last words. With the strength of a lioness protecting her young, the wild Italianienne plunged a dagger, which she had concealed, deep into the breast of her enemy. She had aimed well. The wild murderer sank to the earth; but at the same moment the poor woman was hacked into a thousand pieces by the sabers of the infuriated rebels.

Now the end would come to all; there could be no mercy, no delay expected from the rabble. Anna awaited the death-stroke with her child clasped to her bosom. Martin tore his hands asunder in desperation, and succeeded in beating off the blows of a musket that waved over his head. Suddenly a shrill whistle penetrated the air. The uplifted sabers fell and the Mohammedans stood still. The next moment a man of imposing presence appeared, mounted on horse-

back. It was the leader of the troop. With servile submission they greeted him. With an angry frown he demanded the cause of the tumult. Turning his horse, he looked upon the mutilated remains of their victims, then upon the prisoners. As his glance fell upon Anna their eyes met. She was startled beyond measure, and whispered to her husband, "We are saved." The leader's eyes flashed fire.

"Cowards!" he thundered, "when did the followers of Kifu Timur learn to wage war against helpless women and children? That wretch has his reward, or he would have received it at my hand. Restore to these unbelievers all their property. Lead them to prison, but touch not a hair of their heads. I, Kifu Timur, have spoken it."

The haughty rider then sprang off, but the conduct of the soldiers was greatly changed. Their effects were all returned to them. Martin carried his own, and Knoll Mrs. Nomount's child. They were not permitted to bury the bodies of the slain. Anna closed her eyes, to shut out the awful tragedy, in vain.

"Martin, we are saved," she said softly. "I know the leader. It is Harrack. He will not harm us. He appears to have become a Musulman, but I know he will act magnanimously."

After a brief but fatiguing march they reached the place of their imprisonment, and were surprised as well as painfully moved to find there several native Christians. Their keepers were rough men, who believed they would merit heaven by destroying Christians, but a powerful hand restrained them. The prisoners had little to complain of except loss of liberty. True, the room where they were all confined was much too small, and the food was scanty, but a good hand seemed to be controlling them. Anna begged for milk for the children, and it was daily furnished. She well knew whom to thank for this favor, and lifted her soul in gratitude to Him who controls all hearts, beseeching him that he would take Harrack's wild heart into his hands and give it peace.

Upon the Wallerbergs' arrival a milder spirit took possession of the prison, and good followed to all. The little band, united into one family by a common suffering, acknowledged the Lord Jesus as their Head and Master.

Many days passed by in mournful uniformity. Shut out from the world they knew but little of what was passing around them. That the European affairs were not encouraging, that the insurrection raged further and further, that in its wild terrible course thousands of Europeans found

their graves, they learned from the occasional conversation of their keepers. It was Martin's privilege always to kindle courage among his companions, to comfort them and hold before them the precious promises of the everlasting Word. He did it faithfully, and the religious services, communion, etc., held in the prison proved to be among the precious events of their lives. Their hearts were knit together and they felt that love only becomes greater and more potent in the midst of crosses, sufferings and need.

One morning a new prisoner was added to their number. Two men supported him, not so much that he resisted them, but to prevent his falling from weakness. He was a severely wounded young English officer. His wounds were deep saber cuts, the most fatal upon his head, that gaped wide open, and one upon his jaw. His uniform was torn, and consisted only of a pair of pantaloons and a flannel jacket, both of which were stiffened by blood. As he lay on the ground his mind wandered, and he swooned away.

Anna hastened to the deathly pale youth and placed his head in her lap, while Martin gave him water. He opened his eyes after some time, and seeing Anna's face bending over him in

loving solicitude, murmured lightly, "Miss Anna."

The latter whispered to her husband, "Mac-
Ever."

Martin bowed. In a time of such dire calamity it is often difficult for short-sighted mortals to recognize God's hand in throwing together so signally those we know without great surprise. But at such times the most unusual become the daily occurrences. All shared an interest in the fate of the young officer, and every one endeavored to do something for his comfort and relief. He lay pale as death upon Anna's couch (the only one in the prison). Faithful hands dressed his wounds, and moistened his parched lips with water and melons. After a while he was able to relate the story of his sufferings in a broken manner. He had been stationed at Delhi; one evening the alarm trumpet had sounded. He hastened to the spot where duty called him. A frightful massacre had begun. The furious rebels felled him to the earth with saber cuts and left him for dead. While they were engaged elsewhere he recovered his senses and crept upon his hands and feet to a ditch, where he concealed himself. For three days he lived upon water, finding protection from wild beasts by climbing a tree. On the

fourth day he was discovered by the blood-thirsty Mohammedans of Kifu Timur, who had commanded him to be brought to this prison. Had Harrack recognized him? Hardly, for MacEver scarcely resembled a human being, much less looked like himself.

But the poor fellow's eyes brightened as Anna bent over him, and Martin uttered words of consolation. "Write to my sister in England," he entreated, "and tell her how fortunate I have been, and assure her that her brother would rather die than yield his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

The words were rapidly becoming prophetic, for new sufferings awaited our friends. A native preacher, full of faith, who had been one of the prisoners, was carried into the presence of his accusers for a hearing, and promised a high office if he would acknowledge Islam, but threatened with torture and death if he refused. Martin gave him a parting benediction. He took a clinging, heart-rending leave of his weeping family. As he was about to go, MacEver raised himself on his couch, and cried in a loud voice, "Padre sahib, hold fast your faith. Hold fast. Do not waver!" And he held fast. He was cruelly subjected to the burning sun in the stocks for six days, but he did not deny his faith.

When his tormentors had exhausted their power, he was transferred to other hands. The angels carried an immortal soul out of prison to eternal freedom.

MacEver suffered so much from his wounds that one could only wish for death to release him. But no murmurs passed his lips. He was thankful and submissive.

"Tell me something beautiful," he said one evening to Anna, as she sat by his side. Martin raised his head and laid it in her lap. Upon his features rested an expression that indicated death was near. "Tell me," he repeated in childish tones. And she told him of that better country where there is no pain nor suffering nor tears, where all are blessed for evermore, and around the throne they worship the Lamb forever and forever. Then she sang softly:

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."

Tears choked her voice, for while she sang the youth's pure soul had entered upon the enjoyment of the heavenly rest.

"Where is he now?" she asked, after a pause, as Martin closed his beautiful eyes; "O where is his soul now?"

"With Christ in glory," replied Martin, confidently.

The children both were sleeping. Anna sank upon her knees, and what moved her soul a prayer-hearing God only knew, and he knew better than she, in her weakness, did herself.

"How much light there is in the darkest valley!" said Martin; "when every thing seems dark to us it is light to him."



XIII.

“I KNOW not why my path should be at times
So straitly hedged, so straitly barred before;
I only know God *could* keep wide the door;
But I can wait.”

THE month of May passed, and a greater part of June had flown, but there was as yet no change in the condition of our prisoners. They knew themselves to be in the vicinity of Delhi, and that European troops must be near, as they had observed for several days warriors riding hither and thither, and a general commotion among the people. Martin could distinguish the commanding figure of Kifu Timur giving orders, and at times fancied he heard the roar of cannon. “We shall conquer. The star of old England will not go down in this land,” he said, confidently; “but how much rather would I be among the brave contestants than in this hopeless inaction.” And then he thought how many beloved lives would be sacrificed in this conflict; and if England conquered, how would he and

his family fare in the hands of these fierce, cruel enemies? But he was utterly helpless, and could only patiently wait.

His wife stood bravely at his side with encouraging words, and he looked upon her with admiration for the strength and fortitude she had manifested during these hours of darkness and suffering. One evening, quite unexpectedly to them all, their keeper entered, and peremptorily bade them follow him. They were to lose no time, not even in making preparations to take any thing with them. But Knoll, with his tact for gathering quickly together, hastily secured the meal and rice that the rebels had restored to them in the woods. All followed the keeper. Martin concealed his knife, which was his only weapon of defense, and walked out with wife and children at his side. Were they now to be led to trial? Did only some horrible fate await them? In vain Anna sought to distinguish the form of Harrack. His absence, they feared, betokened no good. But her conscience smote her that she trusted so much to an arm of flesh, and did not remember the Great Deliverer who had promised never to forsake them. They were soon surrounded by several more Mohammedan soldiers, with dark, villainous countenances, who cried out, maliciously, "Forward, Kafirs—*infidels*!"

Silently they walked forward for several hours in the darkness, receiving no replies to their inquiries. Finally, one of the guard approached, and said:

"You are free by Kifu Timur's command. Take heed that you do not fall a second time into the hands of the faithful. Yonder," pointing imperiously with his hand, "is the camp of the unbelievers. Make haste to reach it."

The Mohammedans turned and soon vanished in the darkness. Who can describe the feelings of these rescued ones?

When one who has been imprisoned in a dark gloomy cavern, or wandered in abysses that admitted no light, is suddenly ushered into the sunshine of noonday, he is too much dazzled to realize or appreciate the great change. Martin was the first to grasp their situation. He said:

"We have a long dangerous march before us. We are without weapons, and must take advantage of the night to reach our friends."

Fortunately, among their number, which consisted of three men, four women, and six children, there was one who was perfectly familiar with every foot of the ground adjacent to Delhi. He also knew that the great city was wholly in the hands of the rebels, that the old emperor had been proclaimed ruler, that a dreadful carnage

had been waged against all Europeans, and that the princes had been maliciously cruel in the sacrifice of women and children. But he was also aware that the English and faithful Sikhs were encamped before Delhi, and were now on the point of retaking the city.

"But in order to reach them," he said, "we shall be obliged to cross a river. There must be a little wood near by and an unoccupied hut. We will convey the women and children thither to recruit strength for the journey, while we obtain some means of getting over the stream."

The hut was soon found. It was a lightly constructed building of one story, but furnished with shutters; was empty, and afforded refuge for all. Knoll soon discovered in a corner, concealed beneath a pile of straw and rubbish, a quantity of guns, a large supply of ammunition, a number of sabers and other weapons, besides clothing. The discovery filled Martin with joy, and he recognized a merciful Providence in the unexpected interposition, but he could not conceal his apprehensions at the same time. "Whoever has left them here will return, and they are not a few. Pray God that they may not come very soon." Martin remained with his companions, while two of the men went out to find a boat or means of fording the river. All hearts

were full of anxious fears. Martin busily engaged himself in preparing the guns for use. In less than half an hour the men returned. They had obtained a boat, but were sorry to report the region swarming with rebels, who might attack them at any moment. The mothers soothed their little ones lest they should betray their whereabouts by a cry, the men armed themselves, secured the door and windows, and having done all that was in their power to defend themselves, calmly waited. Alas! they had not long to wait. Before the morning's dawn a horde of ruffians approached and endeavored to enter the hut.

"We must save ourselves," said Martin. "Every man to his post; but first let us try the effect of peaceful words."

One of the natives, therefore, appeared at a window, after the first blow resounded from the door, and spoke to the mob. Yells and pistol balls responded.

"Now, then, in God's name, fire," commanded Martin.

Five men fell to the ground; the others retreated out of shot range, to consult.

The rascals have some respect for us," exclaimed Knoll; "and it is a mercy they do not know how few we are."

Martin shook his head, "They will return."

And they did, but only to fall back with wounded heads, as the women within continued to load the guns rapidly and hand them to the men. Ammunition was abundant, and volley followed volley in rapid succession. But it was returned. The rebels' balls tore several holes in the walls, but they kept themselves at a distance. It would have been much more agreeable to them could they have fired from an ambush, and they did not know how strong the force was against them. At first Martin feared they would receive reinforcements, but hearing heavy cannonading from afar he was persuaded that the English were making an attack upon the city, and that these were only stragglers who could not long hold out. Day dawned, and what a day! Within the hut the children wept from hunger and thirst, and the pale faces of the exhausted women looked like pictures of despair. Knoll procured some water, and food was prepared from the rice and meal which he had brought with them, and the hungry children were quieted. A part of the roof had been broken in, and the glowing sun beamed down mercilessly upon these wretched ones. Two men and one woman were slightly wounded. Anna went from one to the other soothing,

comforting, and relieving, seeming to suffer no fatigue. The more desperate the condition of surrounding circumstances, the greater seemed her strength, and it was as if all the force of her life had been husbanded for this day.

At length the enemy retreated. All fell upon their knees and repeated in heart-felt utterances the twenty-third Psalm. Was it not mockery to speak of still waters and green pastures in moments like these? Ah, no. The precious words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," brought joy to their stricken hearts, for they realized in a blessed experience the presence of Him whose rod and staff comforted them.

"I know of but one way to escape," said Martin. "One of us must work his way through to the English camp and bring assistance. We can not hold out another day, and if we did, we should only defend the dead bodies of our children."

All felt the truth of these words; but who should undertake this difficult task?

"Necessarily I must go," continued Martin.

"You?" exclaimed his wife, in terror.

"Yes, I. With the clothing we have found here, I hope to be able to slip through the ranks in the twilight. I know the way, and can swim

the river; besides, I am perfectly familiar with the language, and shall have no difficulty on that score."

Anna was silent and motionless. Knoll stepped forward with decision, and said firmly:

"I beg your pardon, Herr baron, but I shall go. It is not your place to risk it."

"No, no, Knoll, let us have no controversy. There is no time to be lost. Your height would only betray you. I leave my wife and children in your care."

Then all the men insisted upon undertaking the journey; but Martin carried his point and began to make his preparations. As the day waned he donned one of the Oriental suits of clothing, and left his last instructions for those who remained behind: "Keep good watch, and aim fearlessly if you are attacked. In two hours or perhaps less, I will return. Be brave, and hold out until I come."

Snatching up his little son, he imprinted a kiss upon the trembling lips of his wife, and pressed both to his bosom fervently. "Pray for me, my darling, pray for my safe return"—he could say no more, and soon was on his way. The hearts of the little group seemed to stand still, but no cry was heard from their lips.

Anna could not even pray. For the first

time in her life she was now in the "dark valley."

An hour quietly elapsed, when the besiegers returned with torches in their hands.

"Do the beasts want to burn us alive?" muttered Knoll, "or do they want to show us where to fire?"

One of the number, evidently a Moham-medan, approached and said:

"We know there are Kafirs here. Your God has forsaken you. Allah is God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Swear that you will acknowledge him, and you shall be saved; but if you will not—" he concluded with an expressive gesture that seemed to say, "off go your heads."

"Miserable dog," returned Knoll, "you had better get a chance first." Then turning to one of the natives, he said, "Do you want to answer the beasts?"

The native cried in a loud voice, "There is only one God and one Savior, Jesus Christ."

"Then let him help you," was the mocking response, and the rough rabble drew nearer.

They were received with well-directed shots. The little hut seemed to flash fire. Once, twice, thrice the furious rebels strove to enter, but were each time driven back. At length, howling with rage and pain, they retreated. But there were

also wounded ones within. A portion of fallen wall had killed a Hindoo child, and Knoll was bleeding from slight wounds. All peered into the darkness and listened eagerly. How they longed for the coming of those who should bring relief! Another hour passed wearily by. Anxious and unanswerable questions moved their hearts. Had Martin reached the encampment safely? Or if he had found assistance, would it come in time, or too late? What fate awaited them? Anna thought of poor Mrs. Nomount, and shuddered. Or, were all these questionings vain? Did Martin lie dead or wounded, or was he a helpless prisoner near by? These torturing doubts and fears were indescribable, and Anna listened to the fervent prayer of the Hindoo, catching only a word here and there. He prayed: "Lord Jesus, mighty God, come to us for thine own name's sake. Help us; for thou alone art our refuge and deliverer, and we trust in thee."

Hark! a clatter of hoofs is heard. It comes nearer and nearer. Then the braying of jackals. Dark forms hasten towards the hut; but, alas! they pass by and the fleeting feet vanish in the wood. But horses follow, upon one of which a Hindoo rides as leader, followed by Europeans. The Hindoo cries, "Saved, saved, Anna!" as

he springs from the horse and the door opens, only to allow a pale young woman to fall into her husband's arms.

"Thank God!" exclaims the pious Hindoo. "We have not trusted in vain. Verily our God is a prayer-answering God, and will not suffer his children to perish."

The English soldiers urge the little group to leave this place at once. The little Hindoo child is hastily buried, the weapons found are collected together and taken, and the column, with the rescued in their midst, rapidly marched on. They are obliged to pass quite near to Delhi; but, as firing is heard on all sides, they keep in the rear as far as possible. After some skirmishing in the outskirts, all arrived safely in the English camp before the city. This was a day long to be remembered by the people of England. During the hot season, so fatal to foreigners in this climate, three or four hundred Europeans, with a handful of Sikhs, formed an open encampment before a fortified city, fully provided with cannon and means of defense, and containing one hundred and fifty thousand souls. This city was also being constantly replenished with supplies of all kinds—as every way to the interior was open. They had thirty thousand well disciplined soldiers, and the finest artillery park in the world,

and an incredible amount of material at their command.

Opposed to all this stood a few brave Europeans, who were forced to bring their cannon from the far distant Punjab, constantly liable to be seized by the enemy, together with the most discouraging tidings on all sides about the spread of the insurrection in the mountainous districts in their rear. Besides, that dreadful scourge, the cholera, was decimating their ranks, and supplies becoming more and more scanty, during first the hot and afterwards the rainy season. But they maintained their position in spite of these discouraging hindrances for four months with heroic persistency, and their reward was the rescue of Delhi, which proved to be the turning point of the rebellion throughout India.

When our friends first entered the camp, they believed the siege would only be for a short time; in fact, no one imagined that Delhi would cost such a sacrifice of blood and treasure. But all felt they must conquer. The soldiers were animated by the thought that the honor of their country was at stake, as well as by the conviction that should the insurgents prove successful, their condition would be more pitiable than death itself.

The Wallerbergs remained several days in

camp, and were treated by the officers with the utmost kindness and respect. How much they all needed rest after the terrible occurrences through which they had passed! Martin made arrangements for conveying his family to a safe place. The numerous princes dwelling in the mountains were ready at a moment's warning to fall upon and destroy them, but just at present the success of the conspiracy was not so brilliant as they had hoped, and these noble lords feared to oppose the English, lest the success of the latter should cause them to suffer. So their region of country was comparatively safe and quiet. Everywhere around horrible cruelties were heard of, such as no one would have believed these tame Hindoos capable of perpetrating, and it was then and afterwards a matter of wonder to the Wallerbergs how they escaped the hands of these blood-thirsty rebels, except through the direct interposition of a Higher Power, which did not allow one of his little ones to suffer harm.



XIV.

“Blessed is the man who has found his appointed work ;
let him ask no further blessedness.”

IT was in a small city garrisoned by the English that our fugitives finally found rest. Rest, but not home, for in a time like this, where all plans were thwarted, and all hearts were disturbed with anxious cares and conflicting fears, the quiet of home is unknown. But only a mother can fully appreciate Anna's feelings when she stood once more at the bedside of her children in a comfortable room, and looked upon the little wasted forms sweetly sleeping. Pale and emaciated they both were, Curt Wallerberg and Angela Nomount, for how could they thrive during the long imprisonment with its wretched fare? But here at last the little girl began to grow rapidly, and was very lovely, and Curt became stout and rosy. Both, indeed, bloomed like roses in the pure mountain air. Their refuge was a very peace-asylum, the little dwelling was embowered with flowers, and they were all very

happy and grateful, the only shadow being a consciousness of the woe and desolation around them throughout the country.

The whole month of July had passed before the news of the heart-rending massacre at Cawnpore was brought to them. The telegraphic lines had been destroyed, which accounted for the delay in receiving tidings. At Cawnpore five or six hundred Europeans (men, women, and children) had intrenched themselves in a new hospital building, and had defended themselves for very nearly three weeks against twelve thousand of the enemy under the command of the notoriously cruel Nana Sahib, who thirsted for their blood. Twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four pound cannon were used against the hospital, while the besieged had only three very small cannon with which to respond. But they had brave, fearless men, the intrepid General Wheeler as commander, and unswerving faith and trust in a living God.

One hundred and fifty persons (for the most part women and children) died in the hospital from wounds and disease during this trying time. Hunger raged, but the brave defenders would not yield. At length Nana Sahib wrote to General Wheeler, and said he would allow him and his entire company to go out with military

honors, if he would surrender Cawnpore, adding this most solemn assurance:

“Take all your people to Allahabad. I will provide ships for their conveyance. We keep our word. You may depend upon us.”

General Wheeler replied:

“Swear according to the customs of your religion that you will keep your engagements, and I will swear upon the Bible that I will leave our intrenchments.”

Nana took the oath, adding:

“God judge and punish me if I break my word. Depend upon it, I will not deceive you.”

Upon the 27th of June the Europeans left their intrenchments and entered the barks that Nana had provided for them. But no sooner had they done this than severe cannonading and bomb-shells followed, and all the barks were struck. Those who escaped being wounded threw themselves into the river, but the Sepoys at once gave chase to them, and even the Sowars (riders) swam in on horseback and cut the unfortunate creatures in pieces with their sabers. Fifteen boats full shared this fate. One hundred and eight women and children escaped, but these Nana threw into prison. One of the barks, which contained General Wheeler and his daughter, eluded the pursuers at first by swift rowing;

his other daughter was captured and sold to a Hindoo as a slave. In desperation, this brave girl murdered her master and his entire family, then drowned herself. The general's bark, when it fell into the hands of the insurgents, contained fifty men, twenty-five women, and three children. The men were at once shot, while the women and children, now numbering one hundred and twenty-two, were conveyed to the hospital as Nana's prisoners. Upon the walls of this slaughter-house are words written by the trembling fingers of these women in pencil, showing that their sufferings exceeded even the terrors of the destruction of Jerusalem. At first it appeared as though they were to be kindly treated; but when Nana learned of General Havelock's approach from the rear, he commanded that all should be murdered. The wretched ones becoming aware of this tore their clothing, and endeavored to secure the doors of their prison, in vain. There was once more a frightful carnage, heart-rending cries pierced the air, then all was still—fearfully still. After some days twenty-five yet survived, but these all were thrown into a well with the dead and covered with earth.

Anna listened to the dreadful recital of these details of carnage in breathless agony. Great

tears coursed down her cheeks. Martin said with emphatic earnestness:

“For these things there will surely come a day of reckoning. I only wish I were a soldier to shoot down these demons.”

Anna was silent a long time, evidently deeply pondering these things in her heart. At length she said, somewhat timidly at first:

“Martin, are we not somewhat to blame for all these dreadful occurrences?”

Martin paced the floor. He could not control his emotions. Anna continued:

“Martin, only think what a godless policy has been pursued here. The government has professed to desire the Hindoos free from their infidelity, prejudices, and customs of a thousand years; but they have given them nothing better in their place. The teaching of Christianity has been interdicted, and the lives of those who have professed Christianity have been any thing but consistent here. Think of Harrack and many others, who have even gone so far as outwardly to become heathen. O Martin, I can not wholly despise or blame a people that rises against its oppressors, whom they have never learned to love.”

“Anna,” interrupted Martin, “when one has experienced what we have here, it is difficult to

have much faith in the elevation of such an in-human race."

"Did you not observe," resumed Anna softly, "when we were in prison, what the Gospel can do for these heathen? And have we not heard on all sides that the native Christians were faithful and stood by their religion, even yielding up their life's blood for it?"

"You are an eloquent advocate," replied Martin, smiling; "but it is only the English Government and its people that have wronged this nation—what have we done?"

Anna's eyes fell.

"O my dear husband, I have long wanted to tell you what has troubled and oppressed me. I fear we have not done right, inasmuch as we have lived here so long for self and the gratification of our own comforts and pleasures. The time has been a wondrously beautiful one; but God's Word has often reproved me with, 'Work while it is called to-day: the night cometh, when no man can work.' Ah, a night has come upon poor India. We who knew how to do good have not done it, and to us it is sin. Martin, I have so often wanted to talk to you of this," and as Anna finished she looked entreatingly into his face.

Her husband did not contradict her. A voice

from within whispered, "She is right." But he replied :

"Anna, you were so feeble, and I was obliged to search for my brother, and life was so attractive as we enjoyed it."

"Yes, to find Curt was indeed our aim; but really, really, dear Martin, what might we not have done during our journeyings, if we had not been so careful of our own ease and companionship?"

These earnest words awakened a conviction of duty in Martin's soul, but he would not just then acknowledge his error, and continued to talk a great deal about experience and time, etc. Anna smiled, her husband left the room, and the shadow remained.

"You dear man," said Anna to herself; "as if I did not know how much you have done for my sake. Now I have been married one year and a half, and finally discovered a fault in you! But it is one you may get rid of if you only will."

However, Anna now had less prospect of beginning missionary work than ever; but as she went to attend to the children she overheard, through an open window, her husband and Knoll upon the veranda conversing about the cruelties just perpetrated at Cawnpore. Fire and brim-

stone, in Knoll's opinion, were too good for the demons. More than ever before they discussed the sins of the Hindoos, which was water to Knoll's mill, for he had always treated them with sovereign contempt, and been frequently reproved by his master. To-day his indignation knew no bounds, since Martin, as Anna silently observed, seemed more than ever inclined to defend and excuse them. But she was a prudent woman, and said nothing about it. She was assured that for the present no missionary efforts could be inaugurated, and felt that her hands must be idle. But it would be better to do a little than nothing at all, so she strove diligently to care for the bodies and souls of her children and servants, and to keep her house in order, while she employed all her spare moments in making flannel shirts for the soldiers encamped before Delhi.

It was a source of great joy to Martin and Knoll when General Havelock took Cawnpore and Bitharo—Nana Sahib's residence. At first the latter escaped unhurt, but when the soldiers discovered the dead bodies of several English women in his house their fury knew no bounds; they shot the members of his household, and did not leave one stone upon another of his residence. The natives say that Nana Sahib and his

immediate family fled to the river and drowned themselves from a skiff.

"I fear this is not so," said Anna; "such courage can not dwell in the heart of a monster who could ruthlessly murder helpless women and children."

"And I hope it is not so," rejoined Martin, "for I would like to meet him myself."

"Would you like to kill him?" asked Anna.

"No, *hang* him," was the emphatic response.

Some time later the news reached the Wallerberg asylum that the flag of England waved over the great mogul's palace at Delhi. An officer wrote to them as follows:

"Only those who were engaged in the first six weeks of the campaign can know upon what a slender thread our lives and the salvation of the kingdom hung, and only they can estimate the suffering and anxiety of those weary days, or rightly conceive the vigilance, the conflicts, the fearful heat and exhaustion, the fatigue and danger. I look back with a feeling of doubt as to whether it was a reality or only a horrible dream. This day* will be an eventful one in England's history."

The revolution was not wholly extinguished

* September 20th. From this dates the restoration of British dominion in the East.

however. In some parts of the country it raised its head all the more violently, and it was more than a year before full victory was achieved and perfect peace restored. But it was quiet and safe in some districts, and the Wallerbergs, at the approach of the cold season, started for a visit to Henry and Mary Stieg, in order to discover a field of permanent missionary labor. After a somewhat tedious journey they, one evening, entered the mission station, and were so heartily welcomed, they felt at once at home. This little stout woman with friendly face, clear eyes, and indefatigably busy hands—was this indeed the foster-sister of Anna's parents? All lived in the past—at first through the scenes just experienced, then in those older than Anna; those happy days spent at the parsonage in the Hartz!

"And have you suffered nothing here from the rebellion?" asked Martin later.

"No," replied Mary Stieg; "this whole region swarmed with the mutineers, but we have only had, by the mercy of God, doubly blessed experiences. That we were at times anxious and troubled was our own fault. The command was: '*Fear not.*'"

"And our native Christians were so noble," said Henry, with beaming face. "Not one of

them swerved a hair's breadth from the right, notwithstanding bribes and threats. And even the people here who are not Christians said: 'You can do as you please with the other foreigners, but if you touch our Padre sahib, you will see what will become of you.' My greatest pleasure was among our boys in the school. When they heard of the threatened danger, some of them began to weep, and one lad exclaimed in terror, 'The Lord Jesus will kill us.' 'No,' said another, triumphantly, 'the Lord Jesus will take us to heaven.' This reply was like balm to my soul."

"Yes, and when my little girls," added Mary, "heard of the approaching enemy, one of them met me, calmly saying, 'The Lord Jesus will hide us.' And I verily believe he has done this."

It seemed as though this devoted sister and brother had no complaints to offer. Every thing to them was good and beautiful, the ground of which lay in their contented hearts. They lived with extreme simplicity: Every thing was very plain, but comfortable; and the Wallerbergs missed many articles of luxury to which they had been accustomed, and had believed to be indispensable.

One morning they walked out over the mis-

sionary grounds, where the Stiegs had spent twenty years of their lives. "My Eden," Mary called it, as she led the beloved guests hither and thither, her brother being already engaged at his work. She pointed out every thing with a certain house-motherly pride, to which she certainly had good claims.

The garden was surrounded on its three sides with a thick aloe hedge, in the center of which stood the dwelling, which had a veranda, running entirely around it. The overhanging roof rested upon white columns, the many high doors that served as windows, being constructed of glass above and wood below, were at this hour all wide open, and the fresh air passed freely through the entire house. The floors were all laid with finely wrought straw matting. From the ceiling was suspended a *punkah*, not in use during the mornings and evenings, which were cool enough for a little fire; but later in the day, when the sun comes out in its full power, the heat is so intense, that all Europeans gladly seek the shade, and whatever appliances are available to keep cool. Several smaller buildings surrounded the main dwelling. Two of these were for the orphan children, one for the boys and the other for the girls—one small building was the kitchen, and another for the servants. Mary directed her

guests' attention to these simple structures with glowing face, and expressed her joy in having charge of them all.

"Susan, run to your work," she said to a ten years old child, who stood gazing intently at the strange people. "Are you not ashamed to be so idle to-day?"

The little girl hastened to the kitchen.

Anna asked, "Why should she be more industrious to-day than any other?"

Mary replied, laughing, "Because—because—well, because it is Tuesday."

But we must not suffer our readers to be ignorant why Tuesday ought to be spent any differently from the other days of the week. Mary Stieg's rule was, that one must work on Tuesday because it was Tuesday, and so on through the week. Saturday and Monday were the only exceptions, the former because the Sabbath followed, and the latter because the Sabbath had just preceded it.

The climate of India and the customs of the people had produced a necessary change in Mary Stieg's habits and duties. Her industry, however, ripened in this sun only to greater perfection. She worked constantly. It was almost work enough to see her work. Even while accompanying her guests through the garden she

carried a great stocking upon which she knitted incessantly. Martin called it her "German inheritance." Upon all the plants lay the refreshing dew, and every thing looked thrifty and flourishing in the highest degree. There were pomegranates, with their burning red blossoms; coffee trees, with their little nuts; mimosa, plantain, lemon, and orange trees; besides shrubs with odorous blossoms and golden fruits; blooming peach trees; date-palms, with their slender stems, and crown of leaves; mango and fig trees, cypress, and a great hedge of large-leaved myrtle, with immense, dark colored roses, whose vines clambered so high that every thing within reach was embowered. Anna enjoyed the beautiful flowers most, but practical Aunt Mary said:

"Ah, if I only had seeds of European vegetables, the soil is so excellent here, they would flourish splendidly. But one must have fresh seed every year, as every thing deteriorates so rapidly here."

Now the party returned to the house. The way thither led through an avenue of dark mango trees to the church, where majestic, venerable trees stood in contemplative silence. In the church-yard was a row of plantain trees, with their green leaves, four yards in length, which wind around the main stem at their beginnings,

then grow high in the air, afterwards bending their tips, from which hang great bunches of un-ripe fruit.

"They taste almost as delicious as ripe pears," said Mary, "but they are so juiceless."

"How beautiful are these mangoes! And the little church stands there like the keystone of an arch," exclaimed Anna.

Mary laughed cheerily.

"You will be delighted on Sunday to see it filled with people streaming from the village. At first the Hindoos would not be persuaded to enter an inclosed structure. But Henry could not preach in the open air during the rainy season, and he finally succeeded in inducing them to overcome their prejudices. As soon as they were convinced that no harm should befall them, they trusted us. O how much we have experienced there! Let me tell you how our old servant was converted."

All sat down upon a grassy ledge, and Mary continued:

"When we came here they had been told that the missionaries cooked rice, and forced the people to eat of it, and whoever ate of it lost caste, and became at once Christians. Parot concluded to witness the services one day. He armed himself with a huge stick, intending, as he

said, to greet the Padre with it, if he offered any rice to him, then run away. But when he entered, there was such an earnest expression upon all faces, he became himself interested, and carefully placed his stick in a corner. When we began to sing, he was so entranced, he forgot all about the rice. Of the preaching, he understood but little, but the music conquered him. He came again. 'No place is so pleasant to me as the church,' he said. Eventually he became a Christian, and I assure you he is one with all his heart. He loves Henry devotedly, but who does not love him? If you only knew him, and what he has done! And I help him so little! If he continues as he has done he will work himself to death."

Tears stood in this fond sister's eyes, but seeing her brother approach, she said quickly:

"There he is; do try to persuade him to take better care of himself. Excuse me. I must go in and prepare the dinner."

"Well," said Martin, after she had gone, "if uncle does more than this little busy aunt, I would fear for him."

Anna sighed deeply.

Henry came up, as pleasant and frank as a child, and the three went together to the village. One could easily discern that it was a Christian

village. Neat houses, people in clean garments and with happy faces, welcomed them everywhere.

Pastor Stieg was like a father among his children, greeting each one as he passed. They entered the school-house, where a native teacher assisted. The scholars were gathered from several adjoining districts as well as their own. From here they went back to the mission-yard, and inspected the orphans' homes. Every thing was clean and orderly. The larger boys and girls were in the school-room, while Mary gathered the smaller ones around her, the latter numbering about forty. With the assistance of some native women she interested them in a variety of ways. It was a beautiful sight to see her with them. At half-past eleven in the morning the children dined. They all sat upon little benches or mats, with their legs crossed, during this meal. Dressed in white, it was a lovely spectacle to see them devoutly fold their hands while Mary asked a blessing. Then they seized knife and fork—O no! not at all! they only mixed a portion of rice and *dal* (a kind of lentil or peas) with their hands, and shoved it into their mouths briskly, for they had eager appetites, and ate unrestrainedly.

Later the Stiegs had luncheon, after which

Mary instructed a number of children in mending, darning, and needlework, out upon the veranda. Then Mary invited her guests to the church, where she taught the Hindoo women and larger girls Bible history and vocal music.

"I must do it," she said, rather apologetically to Martin. "Poor Henry has so much to do. Do you observe how thin he is? It is no wonder, when he works so hard and eats so little."

Henry did not return home until evening, and Mary asked her guests to accompany her to the village, where she would visit a sick person. Mary went alone into the hut, and the Wallerbergs proceeded on their walk. The way led to a brook, and whom did they find there? Henry, endeavoring to wash the garments of a wretched-looking being near him.

"Uncle, what are you doing?" exclaimed Anna, startled beyond measure.

"Child, I am only trying to wash this poor man's *chapkan*. It was a little leprous, and I dared not take it home with me."

"But why not rather give him your own coat?"

"He has that already; he needs both, these cold nights, and no one would wash his *chapkan* for him," replied the zealous missionary.

Martin was deeply moved, but said, somewhat reprovingly :

“But, uncle, think of the frightful contagion.”

“Child,” said the good man, anxiously, “please say nothing about it to your aunt, or I shall be dosed with herb tea as a preventive. This poor fakir has been torturing himself for more than a year, to make himself holy, and I have been telling him about the Lord Jesus, what he has done for us, and that no one is too wicked to be saved by him, and he replied to me, that if my Lord were so good, his followers ought to be as well, and therefore I should give him my coat in his need; and he is right. I gave it to him, and can get home very well without it.”

“The impertinent rascal!” returned Martin, impulsively, and verily the apparent ingratitude of the fakir did not gainsay the truth of the expression.

“Never mind,” said the missionary, consolingly; “who knows what good it may do him? I always think they understand deeds better than words.”

“How Uncle Henry labors for these people,” said Martin that evening later to his wife; “and what astonishing fruits of his labor one sees everywhere! But I do not believe he realizes

it. He never thinks of himself. In all he said and did to day there was not a word of self. The word *I* does not seem to be in his vocabulary."

Anna was silent; her heart was heavy. The simple, self-denying, busy life which this brother and sister lived lay upon her soul like lead. She realized of what little use she herself was to God or man, and it burdened her soul. Fortunately her children just then needed her, and silently said in their helplessness, "You are every thing to us. *We* need you."

Life moved on quietly and yet very busily at the Stieg mission. Like a brook widening and deepening towards its end, but quiet and noiseless above at its source, did life flow at this beautiful home. Without, all kinds of spiritual and temporal work; happy hours filled to repletion with duties accomplished; and within, happy hearts directing and ennobling by their sweet influences every one who came in contact with them. True, they met with hardness and ingratitude, lukewarmness, and misapprehension; but they were not discouraged. Looking into the faces of these patient, consecrated servants of God, one could see that pride and self-glorification had no share in their lives, but that they labored "with an eye single," and counted not

the cost, knowing the reward was sure, and the the blessing immeasurable.

"If dear Henry would only spare himself, and eat more," was his sister's only cause for lament. But her importunities seemed utterly ineffectual. He always thought every thing was good, too good, too beautiful, and was contented with every thing but self. It is surprising what power such a quiet, simple, God-serving character has upon others—a sermon without words, making, mayhap, a slow impression, but a very sure one.

Martin could not fail to observe how much there was here to do—too much for one man. What an encouraging beginning had been made, and how promising a field this was to a fresh worker! Such a one Uncle Henry longed for; but Martin was still undecided. He was familiar with the language and customs of this district, and knew the climate would be favorable to his wife and little ones, but he wavered. Why? If he sincerely sought the reason deep down in his heart, it was that a life here seemed a kind of banishment from the world. True, it was an important field, full of self-denial, but affording few impulses for intellectual activity. But had he not always hoped to become a pastor? Yes, but a different one from this. The ideal and

real are far distant. On the whole, he would have liked to preach to listening thousands from a prominent pulpit—what a glorious work!—or even to teach young Brahmins at Bombay or Calcutta, and instruct them in the higher, grander doctrines of Christianity. But here, day after day, to educate dull, ignorant boys; to visit poor, sick Hindoos, and meet impertinent fakirs—did he dare to offer such a lot to his wife, or would she ever choose it? But he was greatly needed here; yonder, there were laborers enough, and he would be obliged to seek a position of usefulness.

But by Anna, for whom he wavered and contested, all this would have been easily decided. Her world was with her husband and her children, the outside world had little charm for her now; but she would not press Martin, and was therefore silent.

Christmas approached—"Bara-din," the great day, they called it here. Great and small anticipated the festival with manifest joy. Little Angela clapped her hands and was very lively. Aunt Mary worked more incessantly than ever. The Christmas cakes were to be prepared, and in this pleasure the orphan children participated, opening the nuts, washing the raisins, grinding the spices, etc. Then the dough was mixed with

palm-water, instead of yeast, and set out in the sun to rise. The Christmas cakes! How much delight they afforded!

Martin made a huge tree from cypress branches, there being no firs here. Anna gayly trimmed it with apples, nuts, oranges, and all kinds of confectionery. Every body was busy. Even Pastor Stieg contributed treasure after treasure for the table, and would verily have given himself away if he had not been expected to deliver the Christmas address. How full the little church was! and how beautiful the German melodies sounded in this strange tongue! And after this simple service, what an uproar there was in the great room! It was a jubilee without limit, and touching to all hearts to see so many of the people bringing gifts from their harvests and products and trades for their beloved Padre and Mena sahib.

"Children, you do too much," said the former; but he rejoiced with exceeding joy at these simple, heart-felt expressions of their affection.

After the strain, which this pleasure necessitated, followed a relaxation, and no one needed it more than Aunt Mary. Now, for a wonder, she was at times seen without even her knitting, absolutely doing nothing. At first the family was disposed to laugh about it; but it soon became

apparent that she was more than tired or listless; and when, after attending to preparations for the Sabbath, she lay down one Saturday evening, and complained of being ill, every one was alarmed. Every missionary is, or ought to be, a half-physician, and Henry and Martin prescribed suitable remedies; but, anticipating a serious fever in this case, they sent for a physician from an adjacent city. The latter arrived, and shook his head, saying:

“Inflammation of the lungs, but it may not be very serious.”

Anna and Henry nursed her as tenderly as a mother cares for a child, while Martin attended to the work without, as far as possible. The children were all unusually quiet and well-behaved. The Hindoos besieged the house for tidings from their beloved Mena sahib. She lay in a raging fever. In her lucid moments she prayed much and repeated the promises. Once she clasped Anna's hand and said:

“You must remain with my brother and help him.”

For eight days she lingered between life and death, until the following Saturday evening, when an eternal Sabbath dawned for Mary Stieg. The bells ushered it in, but stricken hearts realized how much was lost to them in this depart-

ure of one so dear to all. Anna could not help thinking of the death-bed of Mary's mother, of whom she had heard so much, and the blessed reunion there would be in this family with those who had gone before.

Later in the evening, as she sat by Martin's side alone, he said to her:

"Anna, I have decided. God has spoken. Are you willing to remain here?"

"When God speaks, man must keep silence," responded Anna, fervently.



XV.

“BE brave, my brother!
Let no man see thee stand
In slothful idleness,
As if there were no work for thee
In such a wilderness.”

FROM early childhood it had been Martin Wallerberg's earnest purpose to bend his will and actions in conformity to God's Word, and as he grew older this purpose was only intensified from the innermost depths of his being. When his studies at the university had ended, he realized for the first time the meaning of life. Since then the varied experiences through which he had passed, and contact with so many strange people, had produced strong influences in the formation of his character; but the more he advanced in general culture, and the richer he became in experiences, the more evident it was to him that deep down in his soul another will struggled for the mastery, and this will was his own. But he did not surrender the field.

To a certain extent, it was, of course, necessary to fight the battle alone; but he had now two faithful assistants near, although he was perhaps unconscious of their influence. One of these, his wife, led a life somewhat child-like. At her parental home, she had never been subjected to many trials or temptations, but had held an unbroken communion with her Heavenly Father. Later she had known the bitterness of disappointment, but very little of the busy tumult and opinions of the great world. The other assistant was Uncle Henry Stieg, whose every action, thought, and purpose culminated in the will of God, whose own self seemed buried, and who had found perfect peace resting in the divine love. There could not fail to be a peculiar influence from both these persons.

Martin's was a strong character. His heart had a clear, honest ring for every thing true and good, therefore his actions corresponded. He strove diligently to do God's will for God's sake. His natural will often manifested itself impetuously in pleasures and disappointments, in working and wishing—but it did not obtain the mastery.

Pastor Stieg and this missionary station both seemed to be awaiting just such a personality as Martin's to increase their usefulness, and raise them

to a higher stand-point. He who would win souls, must consecrate his own heart to the service unreservedly. Talents and attractive gifts may excite and carry men along, but never of themselves win souls for eternity. This truth was exemplified in the Stieg brother and sister, who had been instrumental in winning many hearts by generously opening their own to them. It had been love to their Padre and his excellent sister, with gratitude for their kindness, that had in a large measure influenced these people to become Christians. They were like children who believed because their parents wished them to. A few made progress in knowledge and reached conviction, but most of them remained children, and there was, therefore, danger lest the death of the shepherd might result in the straying away, or even the entire loss of the sheep. The Hindoo knows very little of individuality. He really has no feeling of personal existence. He makes no pretense of responsibility in thought or deed. As a person he does not exist, only as a member of his caste is he known; in this caste he is rooted and grounded; out of it he withers and perishes.

It was Martin's endeavor, above all things, to bring the heathen to a free development of their spiritual nature. He had the most profound re-

spect for personal liberty; not only claiming it for himself, but demanding it for others. It was not enough that men assented to the truth; he wanted to convince them thoroughly that receiving the Lord Jesus Christ was a matter of personal choice. He dug deep, and if the harvest was thereby delayed, a nobler fruit awaited him.

Martin was one of the fortunate few to whom pecuniary reward was a minor consideration. The income from his estates in Germany was amply sufficient to meet his household expenses; so there were no financial difficulties in the way when Henry Stieg applied to the board to have him appointed his co-laborer.

They divided the work. Henry took the school and the care of the sick and poor; Martin the preaching of the Word, and the spiritual oversight and instruction of the pupils. Knoll was general overseer of the temporal affairs. He attended to the wants of the house and garden, bought the provisions and cared for a thousand other lesser things. Anna took charge of the domestic affairs and the orphans, directed the servants, assisted in teaching the women and children, besides being her uncle's pride and her husband's crown of rejoicing—verily work enough for one little woman to do. Shall we look further into their every-day life?

Morning prayers being over, Martin spends an hour with his family upon the veranda. Papers have arrived to-day from Germany and Calcutta. The insurrection has been suppressed, and the queen of England taken control of the country. Much is hoped for from this change of governmental relations. It is still early morning, and this brief hour with his loved ones is very pleasant to Martin. But his work is also a joy to him. Now he enters the class-room, where six young men greet him with a respectful *sa-laam*. These are especially promising youths, whom Martin instructs in the sciences. He hopes at least one of them will become a minister of the Gospel to his brethren.

In teaching this class, he finds it not only necessary to lay new foundations, but also to root out old prejudices. They are discoursing upon astronomy this morning. The Hindoos' sacred books teach that the Milky Way is only the Ganges floating in majestic calm through the firmament. If it should fall from thence it would be irrevocably destroyed. But to prevent this one of the gods climbed the highest pinnacle of the Himalayas, and allows the stream to fall upon his head. The water courses through his long hair, seeks a way among the mighty mountains, and finally flows through the great plain of India.

The stars are only spirits of men, shining for a while, and rejoicing in great happiness. The brightest stars are the souls of the most righteous, the feebler stars being those of the less righteous. When the appointed time of their happiness expires they will return to earth again, etc. As in astronomy, so is it with the other sciences. Geography, geology, and history are only compilations of nonsense and poetry with an attenuated thread of truth interwoven. Naturally the Hindoos can not grasp or estimate historical proofs, as they live in pictures and objects. More imaginative than any people on the earth, richly gifted in many ways, with a faculty for receiving and a certain passivity when an idea is once grasped by them, they possess an earnestness and zeal unequaled by any.

And there sits this earnest German teacher, with his profound nature, with his keen sense for every thing beautiful and poetical—which in this country is to him all distorted and misunderstood—there he sits with his scholars, who listen eagerly to every word, sometimes contending, but always bright and apt. It is an hour of delightful intercourse to all, and when it is over he joins the pupils for a time. These are for the most part inquirers, ready to receive the words of truth, but it must be imparted to them

in the simplest conceivable manner; for their perception seems to grasp with much difficulty any thing pertaining to the supernatural. But they are very prayerful, and God answers prayer as signally in benighted India as he does elsewhere.

After this a promiscuous crowd of persons call upon Martin, with various interests. One asks advice concerning the disposal of his crops, another is in difficulty with his landlord; a woman has died here, a child been born there. For all he has a friendly word and fatherly counsel. Somewhat fatigued, he now seeks his family; dines, bathes, and rests. In the afternoon visits are made in the village; sometimes a sermon is preached at a bazar, or a funeral is attended, or a conversation is snatched with Uncle Henry whenever possible. And Uncle Henry—what is he doing?

Since early morning he has been in the schools or with the sick and miserable, troops of whom come to him for aid, and he is paler and thinner than ever. In vain Anna remonstrates with him, and urges him to take care of his physical well-being. Since the death of his sister he is more diligent than ever, and is only troubled lest he should not be the poorest of the poor in temporal affairs. He fears his outward circumstances

are too pleasant. He washes the ragged beggars and does the most menial services for the rich, that he may exemplify the love he preaches, and only regrets he can not be a real Hindoo, in order to be upon perfect equality with those he lives to benefit. Naturally the heathen far and near designate him "Achha sahib"—the good master—and crowds of people, especially sick and beggars, are daily at hand, many of whom are only too ready to take advantage of his generosity.

But beautiful as this life was, Martin could not be persuaded that the rich gifts which adorned Henry Stieg's spirit should be made subservient to such menial purposes. He could not believe that the Master required any such service from his followers. But remonstrances were unavailing. Pastor Stieg was more self-denying than ever, and instead of converting him into a self-righteous saint it transformed him into the loveliness and simplicity of a little child.

One evening as he sat silent, with an unusually beaming face, Anna said:

"Uncle, what makes you so happy to-day?"

His countenance became even more radiant as he replied:

"My child, it is my happiness to know how freely and richly God daily forgives sin."

The most miserable of the miserable lay nearest his heart. These were the aged and invalid fakirs. These holy Hindoos seek salvation by the most terrible means. They inflict the severest punishments upon themselves, sometimes standing for years upon a pillar, or hanging themselves to a tree, until arms and feet become paralyzed and useless, besides mutilating their bodies in every possible way. So long as they continue this practice it is of external benefit to them, as innumerable gifts are offered to these penitents; but as soon as they become old and sick they are shamelessly neglected. According to the Hindoo faith, the sick are under God's curse, and whoever relieves them will fall under the same malediction. The fate, therefore, of these poor creatures is horrible. They either perish beneath the tropical sun, or their sufferings are brought to a frightful end by wild animals.

Hospitals are erected for sick animals in Bombay and Surat. At the later place there is one containing fifteen apartments where different animals are treated. Number fifteen is reserved for insects, such as fleas, bugs, lice, etc., and poor people pay for their care. The religion of the Hindoo teaches and enjoins this absurd regard for animals, but not for poor, miserable

fakirs. This was a source of great distress to Pastor Stieg, and he determined to build a refuge for disabled fakirs. When it was completed it was his delight to convey them thither, to minister to their wants, and tell them of Him who suffered and died to redeem poor, helpless sinners.

Greatly as this design pleased the Wallerbergs, it was also to them a source of much solicitude. Uncle Henry was now never home at night. Hour after hour he spent at the bedside of his patients, and when entreated to leave them and rest, he would reply:

“My child, what if one of them should die this night, and I had not been with him to direct his last thoughts to Christ and heaven?”

And what of Anna? She was the sun of the house, irradiating and reviving all who came beneath her genial influence. And her daily work? Its duties can scarcely be enumerated, but it was evident she was the great motive power that brought order out of confusion, as well as happiness and peace into this lonely mission house. It is scarcely necessary to repeat how she cared for the orphan children, preparing them for school, and directing the older girls in various household duties, as well as distributing food for each day, among them. As to outside arrange-

ments she had little care. The oxen, horses, chickens, ducks, etc., all thrived under the unremitting supervision of faithful Knoll. It is only necessary for her to advise the gardener what vegetables to cut, and what fruit shall be gathered. This is a delightful recreation. Little Angela comes tripping along, followed by chubby Curt, who tries in vain to overtake the little sylph. The children enjoy a romp, while the mother gives the cook his orders for the dinner. Then, when the sun rises higher, doors and windows are closed, the little ones are bathed and their garments changed to white cool ones. Then the father comes in to breakfast, which usually consists of rice and dal, tea, bread and butter, and eggs. At eleven o'clock the orphans have dinner, after which the family has luncheon. Until two o'clock all enjoy a *siesta*. Scarcely has the cuckoo clock sounded that hour, before the young girls fill Anna's room to receive instruction in sewing, knitting, and darning. When Martin has leisure he joins them and teaches them to sing. After this the women enter, and Anna explains the catechism or goes out to visit the sick members of their Church. Several of the young women belonging to the orphan school have married and live near. To these Anna is a mother, ready to render the advice and service

they were accustomed to receive from dear Aunt Mary. Her life is one of unwearied effort, her hands are never idle; but life is sweet, and she never longs for the idle easy hours she once experienced.

We must not forget faithful Knoll. He is over all and in all, doing every possible and impossible work. He is the friend of the poor dumb brutes, the terror of lazy servants, to whom, waking or sleeping, the long sahib is omnipresent. Knoll is the factotum of the house. Anna does not know how she could do without him, while to Henry and Martin he is equally indispensable. Sometimes it seems as though he had divided himself into three parts, and that every part was a solid self, doing its duty faithfully.

Is any thing broken about the house? Knoll repairs it. Does a snake make its appearance? Knoll is the murderer. Is salt needed in the store-room? Knoll brings a wagon full of sacks into the yard, etc.

For a long time Anna missed various articles from the provision-room. She had spoken to the servants about it, but all were sublimely ignorant. One evening they were startled by a great outcry. Martin hastened to the spot and discovered that Knoll had caught the thief in the act.

Knoll was faithful in every thing, and his services were heartily appreciated by his master and mistress. Poetry continued to be the solace of his soul, and next to Angela and Curt, received the attention of his leisure moments. He did not fancy the little dark-skinned children much, and was like a lion among rabbits with them; but what a delight it was to him to allow his mistress's children to tyrannize over him, and how much they enjoyed his poems! "Yes, yes," he sometimes said, when the older ones did not appreciate the same, "it is a mark of greatness to be understood by children; and I would rather please them than thousands of older ones."

Years passed. Not entirely in uninterrupted pleasure, for the little village where the Wallerbergs lived was not wholly exempt from care and suffering. There were some severe trials encountered in their missionary work. There was sickness and ingratitude, but also joy and happiness; and through sorrow and burdens, as well as the brighter blessings, our pilgrims walked their way in confidence. Three children, a boy and two girls were born to them, and now there were five children. All kind of experiences met them in the course of events. In an adjacent city Violet Dalton lived. She had married a dis-

tinguished English gentleman, and resided near many others of high social rank. Anna enjoys intercourse with these friends, but their habits of life are very widely different. Violet seeks all her happiness in worldly good; Anna has higher, purer joys.

The English take offense at Baron Wallerberg's extreme simplicity in his home and dress. Violet gave fine entertainments, to which our missionary friends were invited; and these in turn reciprocated the attention by giving a dinner party to their English friends. They, however, made no effort to rival their entertainments. The Wallerbergs were exceedingly agreeable hosts, and the guests passed a pleasant evening, which was evident from the length of their visit; but when they reached home they expressed themselves thus: "How can these cultivated people live so simply! They are both too good to bury themselves in such a place. What a voice that man has, and what a rare musician he is, and his wife—what a charming woman! It is a shame to live such wretched lives!" And with a shudder Violet yawned and fell asleep on her silken pillows.

Anna said: "Violet is just as she used to be. She is surrounded by the same luxuries. But if her circumstances had been different, I wonder

what kind of a woman she would have been. How good they all were to me!"

Only one shadow darkened the joy of our missionaries. They received no tidings from their lost brother. The first intimations had pointed to India, and traveling hither and thither they had hoped to discover him; but all trace of him was gone, and they began to believe he was either not in this part of the world, or that he would never be found. Then had followed the atrocious insurrection which had deluged the whole land, then chaos. Finally, as a last effort, Martin determined to advertise in the papers. It was all in vain. He then corresponded with the consuls of various countries, but no tidings whatever were obtained. At length he felt assured that the brother, for whom he had so ardently longed and patiently sought, was dead, and that perhaps he had never been in this country at all. He and Anna, however, now realized why God had led them here, and praised him for every token of his love and mercy towards them.

We must not forget to mention an occurrence that happened about this time, that seemed like a faint star rising out of much darkness. One Sabbath morning, during the singing of a hymn, in the usual church service, Anna ob-

served behind one of the pillars a strange, tall, figure. As she continued her gaze, the person seemed familiar, and soon the past rushed upon her in vivid recollections. Was it really flesh and blood? Yes, she could not be deceived; it was none other than Harrack, and for a moment his eyes met her own. A flood of questions agitated her. How did he come here? What did he want? Was his rôle as leader of the rebellion ended? Had he concluded that these people were not yet prepared for the liberty for which he had contested? Had he learned that Christ was greater than Mohammed or Ram? Would he tarry after the service and speak to her? Once he had said in her hearing that he hated the worship of God as he did hypocrisy. What changes had passed over this powerful man! It must be confessed that Anna heard little of the sermon that day, although it treated of the wonderful display of God's goodness to the children of men as seen in the works of nature around us. Her eyes were spell-bound, riveted upon Harrack, who stood with hands folded, motionless as the pillar against which he leaned. The sermon was ended, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation began to disperse. Anna bowed her head in prayer for the wild man near her. When she arose he had

vanished. She hastened to the door if possible to detain him and speak to him, but already the sound of his horse's hoofs was in the distance. Martin found his wife in unusual agitation. She related the circumstance, but her husband was incredulous.

"You have seen an apparition," he replied, laughing; "for it is seldom any stranger escapes my observation."

The collector now came forward with the contribution-box. There were only poor people residing in the village, and yet several gold pieces were found therein. The collector remarked:

"These were dropped in by the strange gentleman with a long beard who passed out so quickly."

Martin gazed thoughtfully upon the gold, and a silent prayer went up to God in behalf of the donor. Anna ardently hoped he would return, but her wish was never granted.



XVI.

“ALLELUIA, alleluia!
The battle now is done,
The victory is won;
Let us joy and sing
Alleluia!”

TLEVEN years of missionary life had now been spent, and the necessity of a journey to Europe became urgent to the Wallerbergs. It was not so much because Anna and Martin needed recuperation, for they had both become acclimated, having been accustomed to spend several weeks of the year in a mountainous region to regain health and strength. The chief reason for a return home was on the children's account. They required a physical and spiritual development, which could not be attained in India.

From year to year they had deferred this unwelcome duty, until now Angela was twelve and the youngest child, Anna, six years of age. Now they must go. The separation had always

been a painful thought to these parents; but just at this time an event occurred which promised to spare this, but demanded a sacrifice even more difficult and trying. The faithful executor of the Wallerberg estate in Germany had died, and it became necessary for the owner to take charge of its affairs. Martin had never considered it as his own property, but only as held in trust for his brother; but now it was evidently his duty to take it in charge, and this necessitated his return. He was obliged to confess, however much it might be against his inclination, that his departure from India would in all probability be a final one. He knew what this would cost, especially as the place could not easily be filled, owing to a scarcity of missionaries. Must then all the seed he had sown wither and die? Must all he had built up only go to utter ruin?

Uncle Henry could not do every thing himself. There was work enough here for three men, and with Anna's departure the whole village would be deprived of a maternal center. Besides, Pastor Stieg was growing old, and in a certain sense was one-sided. True, he labored day and night, scarcely allowing himself time to eat or sleep. Christ was the sun and star of his life, and love grew to be a stronger and stronger

element every day of his Christian character. But it was apparent he could not be to inquirers after the truth what he had once been. He could not enter heartily into the enthusiasm and feelings of youth, or with their peculiar temptations and needs as he had no sympathy with their harmless levity or innocent amusements. He would willingly have laid down his life to save every one of them from their sins ; but to rejoice with them in any thing purely human he was utterly incompetent to do. His fakir hospital was the apple of his eye. At the throne of God above many souls will tell with joy of Henry Stieg's quiet, self-sacrificing labors there. But even such reflections did not attune his heart to joy. Rather, every sin which was committed at the mission station was a source of self-reproach, and when the work did not progress as he had hoped, he reproved himself as the stumbling-block, thus nurturing a spirit of self-torture which God, who delights in cheerful servants, never intended to inflict.

It was difficult under such circumstances to leave ; but the question was not, Shall I go, or shall I stay ? but simply, I must. In fact, Martin and Anna had felt so securely established here, and Europe lay so far behind them, that it seemed like leaving their home. One thing

mitigated their regrets, namely, that they would be able to remain with their beloved children, and Anna rejoiced unfeignedly at the prospect of seeing her darling mother. Alas! never again would she see that beloved father, as he had gone home more than two years ago. Bitter tears of deepest anguish had been wept by wife and daughter, as well as by all who knew him far and near.

The parting day arrived. It passes all recital. The wealth of feeling these Hindoos carried in their hearts for their beloved leaders was singularly manifest now. It was encouraging to hear some of the older ones say to Martin with the deepest emotion :

“Sahib Wallerberg, yonder we shall meet again; and when you come there, we shall tell our God what you have done for us.”

Anna could scarcely tear herself from the spot where she had been so happy, and what had at any previous time seemed dark and gloomy was to-day enveloped in the rosiest and most beautiful hue. The whole community, men, women, and children, accompanied them several miles on their way, and when they parted finally, they formed a circle and sang one of the old hymns Martin had taught them.

Our travelers journeyed on quietly, but one

of them was in a state of ecstatic joy. Joseph Knoll was indeed to-day a bright, a luminous "tallow candle." His heart leaped at the prospect of returning to his native land, and relating the wonderful scenes through which he had passed. He had carefully packed away quantities of Indian curiosities, and Alexander never was prouder at the head of his victorious army than was Knoll as leader of this caravan.

At Calcutta they rested at the Daltons', who commended them highly for their sensible resolution to return. Anna could not explain to them the feelings that animated her deepest soul. There are people, estimable people, to whom one can only give, as it were, the outer husk.

The journey was accomplished rapidly from this point. The Wallerbergs did not take passage in a sailing vessel, but traveled over the shortest route, *via* Suez, Alexandria, and Trieste. The two native girls, whom Anna brought with her, opened their eyes in amazement as the wonders of this new world were presented to them. When the missionaries reached their native soil a feeling of jubilation animated them all. Martin embraced his dear ones, and sang enthusiastically,

"O Father-land, sweet Father-land,
Our hearts still turn to thee."

Anna's face beamed with joy as she looked upon her husband and children. She felt as if she could embrace the whole world in her affections.

They first turned their steps to Steinfeld. Here Margâret Gendenberg, since the death of her husband, had resided in the widow's little cottage that had been empty so long. Wallerberg's carriage drove through the village, accompanied by a troop of children who had seen the dusky faces of the natives, and expected at least to see a chief, with tomahawk and knife.

Every body knew something was up, and that little Anna, who had become an Indian princess, was to-day returning. The widow's vine-covered cottage was brilliant with flowers, gay garlands were suspended across the street, and a wagon load of white sand had been strewn before the door. The carriage stopped. Mrs. Gendenberg stood by the door of her house, leaning against the side for support. Anna sprang out as lightly as a gazelle. Ah, such a reunion is seldom witnessed! At first the thoughts of the dear absent father overcame mother and daughter, and tears flowed freely, as they tenderly embraced each other. Then a strong arm was thrown around both women, and a manly voice said: "Mother, here is your son."

Meanwhile Knoll had assisted the little ones from the carriage, and was attending to the baggage. The children stood there like organ-pipes, five of them. Anna now rushed towards them, and brought them forward.

"Mother, mother, here are our children! Children, this is your grandmother. Mother, this is Angela, that Curt, this Margaret, and these Martin and Anna."

Finally the stormy waves were at last rolled into the house, and there was embracing anew. Mrs. Gendenberg was dumb, Martin was speechless, the children unable to utter a word in the greatest embarrassment; while the poor Hindoo girls stood silent, more amazed than ever. Only Anna flew from one to the other, talking incessantly, but scarcely knowing a word she said. Just now another form was observed to rise from an easy chair in the room, and they were welcomed by the trembling hands and tearful eyes of old Aunt Hesse, who now lived with her niece. Anna caressed her lovingly.

"God be thanked, that my eyes are permitted to see you once more in the flesh," said the old lady warmly.

"Where is Knoll? Dear Knoll," exclaimed Anna, impulsively, "bring me that large box."

Knoll hastened to obey the command; already

his foot was seen at the open door, when suddenly a blow—and a strong expression from Knoll followed—and the poor fellow lay sprawling on the floor! Alas, he had not taken into consideration the low ceiling and his towering form, and the result was this ungraceful entrance. Gathering himself up half-reproachfully, as he turned to see the merriment of the children, he carried the box to his mistress, saying:

“I beg your pardon, Lady Wallerberg.”

Lady Hesse could not refrain from nodding her head approvingly, and remarked:

“There is a man who knows how to act properly and respectfully.”

Then Anna, in comic seriousness, seized her husband's hand, and said:

“Allow me, aunt; you have never been introduced. Baron Wallerberg, Lady Hesse.”

The latter arose and bowed profoundly. Martin kissed her hand gallantly, and said:

“Dear aunt, or perhaps I should say, respected madame, we have seen each other before!”

“Yes, on the Rhine, when you desired to secure your boat before joining us,” returned Aunt Hesse with imposing dignity.

“It required a long time,” replied Martin.

“I was obliged to bring the Nibelungen treasure

from the deep; but I have it here—here it is,” and he presented his little wife to her.

“You silly man, Martin! What will the children think?” returned Anna, half-chidingly.

The widow’s cottage is small and humble, but it is happiness enough for all to be at the mother-home again. Mrs. Gendenberg’s spirit seems to pervade every thing and impress it with a seal of love. It seems as if, with the accumulation of years, she had developed into more and more of a harmonious whole, and as if the beauty of her soul animated and irradiated her still more beautiful face. Anna alone could contrast the present with the past, and said, enthusiastically:

“Mother, how lovely you have grown! Children, have you not a wonderfully beautiful grandmother?”

All assented. Mrs. Gendenberg, or Margaret, as we love to call her, said, laughingly:

“Do people learn such pretty compliments in India?”

There is indeed no beauty comparable with that which bears the impress of the divine life in old age. It is like the loveliness of still Autumn days. The Summer heat is over, the harvest is gathered, and nature is calmly awaiting her change, as if she longed to go and yet longed to remain.

The Wallerbergs spent several days here, when it was decided to close the cottage, which was too small for the family, and take grandmother and Aunt Hesse for the present to Wallerberg Castle. They had all been separated so long, they now hoped to be together for the entire future.

There was great sorrow at Steinfeld when they learned that the little Indian children were about to leave them so soon. They had been great heroes, and, by means of sundry trifling gifts, had secured for themselves an enduring monument in the hearts of the villagers. Besides, the latter could not brook the thought of losing their beloved pastor's wife, and they were pardonable in this. Where such a woman takes up her abode, she carries with her a train of blessings. Knoll is unspeakably happy. He had not felt altogether satisfied with Steinfeld, and longed to return to Wallerberg; and the poems he composed, expressive of this yearning for home, might have been measured by the yard.

They reached Wallerberg Castle on a hot Summer's day. Anna's heart beat high with emotion as she entered the portal of her new home. To Martin it awakened feelings of sadness. His beloved mother had never been very happy here;

he himself had experienced much that was unpleasant, and the true heir was either wandering through the wide world, or lay buried in some foreign land. A gloomy spirit seemed to be sighing even through the old trees that surrounded the mansion. Martin took his wife's hand and led her into the house; with the bright, merry children, sunshine and joy may yet illuminate these deserted apartments. The reception was not very cordial. Only a few servants remained whose faces were familiar, and they not having known the precise hour of their master's arrival, made no demonstrations of welcome. But it was not long before Anna had regulated affairs and made every thing as comfortable as possible, so much so, indeed, that her husband began to be quite encouraged at the prospect of transforming these great barren rooms into a cozy, attractive home. Naturally, when such a troop of wide-awake, healthy little ones enters a house, romps recklessly through its halls, climbs fearlessly the staircases, and makes the garden ring with their sweet voices, propriety and formality are chased out head over heels. Only the least little remnant of their garments remained hanging in one corner of a single room, and that was the room occupied by the stately, aristocratic Aunt Hesse.

In the evening wife and husband strolled hand in hand to the tomb of their parents. The ivy had clambered over it, and the strong man wept tears for his mother as he stood near. It was a severe disappointment to have returned without his lost brother, and he lamented this bitterly.

"Martin," whispered a sweet voice condolingly, "Curt is doubtless with his mother in a better land, and yonder in that eternal light it is clear to both what was so dark in their lives here. Ever since I experienced that intense disappointment, Pastor Wilke's death, which fell upon me when I arrived in India, and have seen how God had such wondrous love for me in it all, sending you to me, ever since then I always feel like casting myself confidingly into his merciful arms, for I am assured every thing will work together for good, if we will only permit him to accomplish it, in his own time and way."

"Yes," responded Martin, tenderly, "my brother's misfortune has accomplished my happiness. Without it I would never have gone to India."

The old lindens were speechless with wonder to hear a song burst forth from the hearts and lips of this young pair. They had never heard of such a liberty in this region. Hitherto the little birds had, by dint of great courage, ven-

tured to sing, and only then at certain rare intervals. But a new era had dawned, and the good old lindens shook their venerable heads in dignified gladness, and began to chronicle the events upon fresh green leaves, instead of the fading yellow ones which had written the history of the past.

There was plenty of work for Martin to do, and he required an assistant. Fortunately, he obtained an excellent one. Anna superintended the domestic affairs with a skill that surprised her mother, while she did not forget to care for the village sick and poor, and it was evident she had a higher aim than merely to alleviate their external miseries. Knoll was a prominent man in the region—a living bond between castle and cottage. He related such marvelous stories to the people that Martin was at times quite non-plused over their recital. Rumor said it was Knoll's intention to issue his experiences in a popular folk-epic, with gilt edges and morocco bindings; but this was regarded by those who knew him best as somewhat unreliable. At any rate, whenever he took Lady Hesse out for an airing in her rolling chair, he always took advantage of her helplessness to relate his surprisingly interesting Indian adventures.

The children were very happy here. There

was a daily contest as to which home was the more beautiful. Opinions were divided. Hindoostan and Germany both had their champions, and at times the patriotic enthusiasm grew so warm that the boys resorted to their fists to settle the matter.

But the Wallerbergs had scarcely been home a year when Germany threatened to engage her children in a formidable conflict. When the hot month of July, 1870, dawned, its last seventeen days contained a world of commingled terror, anxiety, courage, excitement, and enthusiasm. War clouds hung portentously over the heavens, and in Wallerberg village, as in all other places, the intensest excitement prevailed.

Upon Thursday, July 14th, Martin read the morning's newspaper at the breakfast table with great satisfaction, and said:

"God be thanked, the sun of peace shines again; for the present, it seems, the approaching gloom is to be averted."

The feelings that had for days depressed the hearts of all now were dissipated, and old and young were eager to express what they would have done if the war which was threatened had come upon them.

"I would have gone!" exclaimed Curt.

"I, too," seconded little Martin.

"And I, too," responded Angela, with flashing eyes.

"The king would not take you," returned Curt, disdainfully.

"Why not?"

"Because you are nothing but a girl," retorted the youth, haughtily.

Angela's face changed in an instant, and her eyes filled with tears, but the mother said, consolingly:

"Never mind, Angela dear, I could not have spared you. But I would have established a hospital here for the sick and wounded soldiers, and you could have helped me."

"We will thank God that peace continues," added the grandmother.

But how soon these cherished hopes vanished! The next day brought the tidings of the out-breaking war to the remotest provinces. And there was scarcely a man in castle or cottage who did not feel personally injured by any indignity offered to the old Prussian king. No German will suffer his beloved king to be insulted, and the grievance thrilled the heart of his every subject. With these days the ruin of France began. She had long desired the war, she had now sought it, and war she should have. The king called, the people nobly responded.

They came from workshop, harvest-field, university, and office, and flocked to the support of their standard. Every one felt that a momentous time had arrived, and every one must stand in his place and do his duty. Further and further resounded the call. Like thunder, the clashing of swords, or rush of waters, it rolled to distant India, to England and Italy, and brought home the sons of the Father-land. It thrilled hundreds of thousands, banners floated in the air, protestations went from lip to lip, and in these days of preparation, when no shot fell, there were victories fought and won, exceeding all those that followed. Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, jubilantly were announced to the world as making common cause with Prussia, and jubilantly every German greeted the news and grasped the proffered hand of the Prussians to a man. French arrogance had reunited the kingdom, and every eye recognized in the other that of a brother. They joined with a unanimity that made France tremble.

Then followed painful days of parting. Weeping wives bade farewell to their husbands, but never held them back; aged parents sent their only sons with the blessing: "We shall meet again, here or above;" the bridegroom kissed his betrothed, saying: "When you wear the

myrtle wreath, I shall have earned the laurel." The entire population of Wallerberg village was animated with heroic purpose, and every soldier defended his colors. Said one of the landwehr:

"Our crown prince is just like one of ourselves. In 1866" (the Austrian and Prussian War), "he left the death-bed of his son, and went forth, never to see him on earth again; and now he had barely time to witness the christening of his little daughter, before he was obliged to go. He is just as one of ourselves."

"Yes, and our dear old king," said another, "who is now seventy-three years old, and we would gladly wish him rest and peace, shares it all with us."

How willingly would Martin, too, have gone; but overseer, servants, laborers, all had gone, and the harvest was now at hand. It went sorely against his will to attend to the home duties; but he was not idle by any means in the great cause abroad. He arranged several rooms in the castle for a hospital, and made preparations for any emergency that should demand his personal services. Anna, the children of the village, her own little ones, and all invalids at home, prepared lint and bandages for the wounded soldiers, besides making a large quantity of jellies and other delicacies for hospital use. News from

the army did not reach them very promptly, however, as the railroad trains which passed through the village did not stop there. One evening, as they were all sitting in the garden, the train of cars rushed by, and little Curt, who was full of every thing pertaining to war, said it sounded so "*Ahmungsgrauend todesmuthig.*" He was right; the next morning came news of the victory at Weissenberg.

At Worth was sealed the union of brothers-in-arms, namely, the Prussians and Bavarians, and the news resounded from land to land of a re-established German kingdom. Then followed the bloody conflict at Metz, a battle that waged for three entire days, during which time the sound of human slaughter thundered, and the death-sickle mowed down living beings ruthlessly with a frightful clang. One could scarcely breathe, and feared to ask the number of prisoners. But brave men had not fought in vain. Germany was free, and with brazen arms she held the giant France in a close embrace. Martin read to his family the following account. All hung upon his words:

"The battle at Gravelotte came to a stand on the 18th of August, under a frightful attack of the French forces, and our wasted, fatigued, and rapidly decimated infantry began at once to

yield upon its right wing, thereby lessening the chances of victory. The situation was an extremely critical one. General Von Moltke had counted the hours with painful impatience, looking anxiously towards the south-east, whence must come the Pomeranians of the second army corps. At length in the swiftest advance, but not a moment too soon, they appeared. General Von Moltke went forward to meet them. As he approached the front ranks the soldiers recognized his familiar face at once. Announcing his name, he drew his sword, and after a few brief words to the men he sprang high in his saddle, and rode forward. An indescribable enthusiasm fired the troops. A thousand voices cried, Hurrah! and a thousand hearts realized the animating feeling that the chief of the army was in hand to hand combat! They rushed after him in that rapid march peculiar to the Pomeranians, which became a run, and in an incomprehensibly short time they were on the heights, taking one after another in quick succession. The day was theirs. When the adjutants approached to escort their leader out of danger the storm had essentially calmed, and with measured steps the heroic Von Moltke rode up to his royal sovereign and said, 'Your majesty, the victory is ours; the enemy has retreated.'"

Martin could read no further. He hastened out and rang the great alarm bell to proclaim the tidings. All shared in the triumph, and all bowed the knee to the King of kings in grateful acknowledgment for the victory.

"This fearful massing of great forces," said Martin to his wife, "must have been followed by the wounding of many soldiers. Supplies must be greatly needed in camp. I shall leave to-day and solicit contributions in money, garments, provisions, lint, etc., from the surrounding villages. I will go to Berlin for the necessary papers, thence to Metz, and upon my return bring some of the wounded here."

It is not in the province of this story to follow Martin upon his interesting journey. It was, however, crowned with such success that he repeated it several times, taking with him carloads of supplies to Frankfort as far on in the season as December. Meanwhile his wife and mother attended to twelve wounded soldiers at the castle, besides working diligently for those in the field. It was a glorious time. One seemed to have lived a hundred years in one. What the noblest and best hearts of the nation had longed for, but scarcely dared hope for, what poets had dreamed of, and musicians prophetically sung—the story of a free, united, powerful coun-

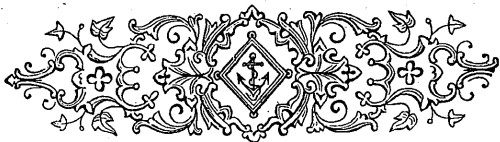
try, became during these few months a sweet reality. At Sedan the auspicious star of the French emperor was extinguished. Germany received again her stolen children; the mother wrestled for beautiful Strasburg with her heart's blood, and the virgin Metz finally opened her doors to the conquerors.

Cold Winter enveloped the earth in its icy bands, but the warriors heeded neither snow nor ice; the battle must be fought, the complete victory won. And while they lay in heroic patience encamped before Paris, and their brothers were enduring the hot conflict in the interior of France, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa awakened in the Kyffhauser from his seven hundred years' sleep, and the ravens no longer flew around the mountain. And the representative of the Hohenstaufen took his crown and sent it to the Hohenzoller—the eagle that flies to the sun—while from the bloody seed in the enemy's country German unity sprang up.

Finally Spring came, and with it peace. Then the earth, saturated with tears and heart's blood, once more rejoiced, and betokened a Spring of nations with a golden sunshine such as Germany had never experienced. The brave defenders came home with laurel wreaths upon their brows, jubilantly greeted by their loved

ones; but the most beautiful leaf in all their crowns was, that they gave God the glory; that king and people exclaimed in gratitude and thanksgiving:

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy great name be all the glory.”



XVII.

“AT evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be.
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Thine eye doth his salvation see.”

LET us take a retrospective glance into the events of a few preceding months. It is Christmas day, and Anna Wallerberg has her hands full of work. Martin has sent a quantity of Christmas gifts from France, where he has been with supplies for the army, and his wife has just received a telegram announcing his return to spend the holidays with his family. “Thank God,” is her response; “how could we enjoy Christmas without him!”

And now she begins to make the necessary preparations in the large parlor. The gifts are more numerous than usual, though perhaps less costly; the children have cheerfully renounced many of their wishes in order to share with the soldiers, and Anna herself felt constrained to spare every unnecessary penny this trying season.

But a huge pine stands in the parlor, and gifts are arranged here and there for the family and servants, as well as the soldiers and officers who are still being cared for at the Wallerberg mansion. At noon every thing is ready, and Anna with Knoll and the children go through the village, from house to house, distributing among the soldiers' wives and children, as well as the sick and poor, beautifully trimmed Christmas trees, the fruit of which appears in the form of clothing, food, and shining gold pieces. It is a happy day, and in spite of the unusually severe weather without, all hearts are warm and joyous within.

"When will the Christ-child come?" asks little Anna.

"When papa comes," replies the mother.

"And when will papa come?" urged little Margaret, impatiently. "Curt, do you not see him yet?"

The latter has been standing at the window for some time, longing to see his father's approach before dark. Just now he exclaims:

"Mamma, look; there is a soldier out there who does not belong here, and he keeps looking this way."

Anna stepped to the window. True, an officer stood there, leaning against a tree, and gazing

intently at the castle. What could he want? Whom did he seek?

"Mamma, he has only one arm," said Angela. "See, his cloak sleeve hangs empty by his side. O, he surely comes from the war."

"May I ask him to come in?" continued Curt.

The mother was undecided for a moment; perhaps he had come to visit one of the soldiers with them; at all events, he must not wander about in the cold upon Christmas evening.

"Yes, Curt; tell him your mamma invites him to celebrate Christmas with his comrades, or if he wishes to go further he may drive on after being refreshed and rested. Invite him cordially and pleasantly, my son."

Curt sprang out. As he approached the stranger, he raised his cap respectfully and executed his commission. The officer looked pale and gloomy. Instead of replying he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Curt Wallerberg," was the prompt response; and as Curt's heart in these days overflowed with gratitude and admiration for every wounded soldier, he repeated his invitation still more cordially, adding, "You will surely spend this sacred evening with us. Papa will soon be home."

Without saying a word, the stranger followed

the boy. As he entered the castle Anna greeted him pleasantly, and invited him to remain. He made some reply which she did not understand but accepted as an assent, and was led into the room, where he was warmed and refreshed. Anna could not entertain him further, as her husband's approach was heard in the avenue, and there was always a strife among mother and children who should greet him first. This time the father reproves them with, "My darlings, you will take your death-colds here, and then what will become of me?"

At length he is cozily seated in the cheerful room. How much there is to talk about, and how full of love they all are! Anna had entirely forgotten the strange officer, but to Curt he is an important event of the day, and he relates the affair to his father in enthusiastic terms. Martin wholly approves the proceedings, and having taken some supper, goes to attend the evening service at the village church.

This is the second Christmas Anna has enjoyed at home. But her prayers and thoughts go out to France, and to far-off India, where her beloved tawny congregation is to-day celebrating the same event.

Now the father returns and lights the great tree. Knoll calls in the soldiers, Curt gallants

the stranger, while the host stands at the door with words of cheer and welcome for each one. The new guest says very little, and soon retires to a corner, where he can observe every thing. Anna begs him to accept a trifling gift, which he receives with a simple "thank you." Martin is curious to know more about him, but asks no intrusive questions.

"He seems to have suffered much," he whispered to his wife. "See how sad he looks."

Not much more notice was taken of him in the general jubilation; but when every thing became quiet, the servants had withdrawn, and the soldiers retired to their own apartments, the stranger still sat in the corner, silent and immovable. Anna sent the children to bed; they said "good-night" to their "stony guest," as Angela called him, while grandma also sought her rest for the night.

Only Martin and Anna now remained in the parlor. The latter began to feel uncomfortable, and whispered to her husband, "If he only is not insane!" Just then a voice as if from the spirit world called, "Martin, Martin!" Turning towards the stranger, they observed he had risen, and reaching out his solitary arm he exclaimed, "Martin, my brother!"

"Curt!" is wrung from Martin's soul, and

the two strong men clasp each other in warm embrace.

Anna stepped to the window, too full of emotion to think, or weep, or speak; but God knew the depths of her feelings. At length Curt recovered himself with more readiness than his brother, since he had for some time been aware of the relationship.

"And this is your wife," he said advancing towards Anna.

The latter embraced him with tender, sisterly affection; and now that the wish of many years was at last fulfilled, tears of gratitude flowed freely. They could not talk much that night; but there was one point upon which Martin assured his brother; namely, that his parents had, before their death, become reconciled to him and his wife, and left their warmest blessing for both. Curt was greatly relieved on hearing this, but added:

"Alas, their blessing will do me little good. I was a happy man, happy in wife and children; but they are all gone, they are all dead." And with a moan he hid his face in his hands.

"Tell us about it to-morrow," said Anna, soothingly, "not to-night, not to-night."

"Only one thing we would like to know; how did you get here?" asked Martin.

Curt replied :

“When the war broke out, all the old soldier awoke within me. ‘Against France,’ had always been the watchword of my life. I hastened hither, entered the service as a private under a fictitious name, and advanced to the field. Of course I was always at the front. I had nothing but my life to lose, and would gladly have yielded that up to my country; but it only demanded my arm. I was obliged to enter a hospital, and being a cripple could fight no longer. Then came a longing for my old home, and as Christmas was near I journeyed here. I had not decided to enter until your boy told me his name was Curt. This struck me singularly,”

Anna started, as if to bring the children in; but he restrained her with—“to-morrow—to-morrow.”

When they separated for the night, Curt’s manner was kindly but reserved, and he impressed them as a broken-hearted man, whose life had nothing more to lose. We can not describe the feelings of our friends, in whose joy there was mingled a minor tone. Unconsciously they had idealized their lost brother, and pictured him as they hoped to find him. But he was so different from what they had expected. Curt stood before them a hard, reticent, embitt-

tered man, with no apparent interest in any joys that gladden the heart. "He seems to have suffered terribly," said Martin, "and to have borne it all without the sustaining grace of God in his soul."

Anna could not sleep until she had imparted the news to her mother, who was moved with joy, and was more hopeful than her children.

"Do not restrict the grace of God," she said; "wait patiently, in time one may gather roses."

"But not from thorn trees," thought Anna, who rather feared the gloomy man.

The children at least thought no such Christmas had ever dawned on the world, when they learned, early in the morning, from their mother that the strange officer was their uncle, their father's brother, who had been for years in foreign lands, and recently in the war. Curt was very proud to have been the first to discover him, and all anticipated the wonderful adventures their new uncle would relate to them. Anna restrained them with:

"My dears, you must not trouble him with questions, he is ill."

Martin conveyed the glad tidings to Knöll, who, for the first time in his life, was so nonplused as to forget his stereotyped "I beg your

pardon," and was even unable to transcribe his sentiments in the accustomed verse.

But the eager expectation of all was doomed to disappointment. Uncle Curt remained in his room, and did not appear at breakfast, but sent word he would dine with them. So the children were obliged to pass the long morning without greeting him. How their young hearts went out towards him! Anna was too much of a mother not to feel grieved over his indifference, and wondered how it could be possible for him not to be as anxious to see her children as they were to know him!

At last the captain made his appearance in the parlor. He was now about forty years of age. His dark hair was abundantly mixed with gray, but this did not soften the stern expression of his countenance. He greeted the parents kindly, but with no fervor that betokened a happiness at finding them again after a long lapse of years. Ah, Anna forgot that he had not sought them so anxiously as they had longed to find him.

"So these are your children," he said. "I know Curt already, that is Martin, but this one," pointing to Angela, "does not look as though she belonged to you."

"She is really not ours," returned Martin;

"but we love her just as much. She was only a year old when she came to us."

Martin glanced at his brother and beheld a sudden transformation in his face. His eyes were riveted upon the girl, and growing pale as death he inquired tremblingly:

"What is her name?"

"Angela Nomount."

A piercing cry, followed by—"My child! my child!" and the captain endeavored to clasp her to his bosom; but his strength failed, and he fell senseless to the floor.

In an instant the truth flashed upon Anna's and Martin's minds. The children, now alarmed, began to cry, and with Knoll's assistance the unconscious man was borne from the room, and means applied for his restoration.

With quiet presence of mind Anna did what was necessary; then told Angela, who was quite a mature girl, the story, begging her to approach her father affectionately when he recovered, as he would certainly ask for her. The child did not need the admonition. Her whole being was attracted to her father, of whom she had so often heard in connection with the terrible occurrences at Delhi. With all the impulsiveness of her southern nature, she flew to his couch, knelt beside him, and threw her arms around his neck.

It was well that she did so. Her sweet voice, "Father, my own dear father," restored his consciousness, and the first word he uttered was "Angela." Then he drew her to him and covered her face with kisses.

"There are her eyes, my Annunciata. O my child, my child!"

Angela returned his caresses passionately, but the excitement was so great to the invalid that they were obliged to admonish him and administer an anæsthetic. But he did not awaken in health. A violent fever raged, and he was delirious for days, insomuch they feared that the restored father and brother would be taken from them forever. Angela never left his side, and hers was the only soothing influence that could be brought to bear upon him; in all his ravings he continued to murmur, "Angela, stay with me; do not leave me, Angela."

When the fever had exhausted itself, Angela, who was now fourteen years of age, realized that her father did not enjoy spiritual peace. In tears she confided her fears to Anna, as well as what she believed to be her duty with regard to him. She had become a woman during these few weeks of anxiety and responsibility. Life's earnest had appeared very early, but Anna did not regret it. In this lovely daughter of Annunciata

Nomount there was a strong current of love which had been properly directed in its course, and its influence upon others was now to be exerted.

The captain could scarcely realize that he had some one he could call his own; something saved from the shipwreck of his happiness. "Nevermore alone," he would softly murmur at times, and in Angela's hands the strong, gloomy man was docile and tractable as a little child.

The Wallerbergs had related to him the sad circumstances of his wife's and child's death. It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to give them the connecting links in his own misfortunes. We will only touch upon his earlier and later years, and dwell longer upon the days at Delhi.

After that unfortunate separation from his parents, Curt had immediately married his betrothed, who was alone in the world, and the young couple had gone to India. Here they lived in a sea of happiness until Annunciata's money was exhausted. The young husband then, taking the name of Nomount, sought and obtained a position in the English army. He had changed his residence and regiment several times, which, with false entries concerning his birth, etc., had made Martin's search fruitless.

"I was too happy," he said, "to care for any body in the world, even my parents. O, I have drunk deeper draughts from the cup of joy than have fallen to the share of most mortals."

The massacre at Delhi came upon them like a flash of lightning in a clear sky. As he lay apparently in a dying condition and his wife had rushed into the house to save her children, one of his faithful servants had carried him unobserved to his own dwelling, and there concealed him until he was restored. After several months he procured the means of flight, believing there were no other Europeans in the city. Hope of revenge stimulated his strength. He entered the camp several days before the city was stormed, and fought there like a lion or tiger defending his young. It was at this time that the celebrated Captain Hodson took the old king prisoner, who had fled to Kortub, several miles from the city. This was a very remarkable feat, accomplished by a few Europeans who resolved to capture the king or perish in the attempt, although they knew themselves to be in the midst of an army of native mutineers. The captain's eyes flashed as he dwelt upon this heroic deed. "And the next days were great and eventful," he continued. "Early on the morning of the 21st, Captain Hodson said, 'News has been

brought to me that the princes, who are the chiefs of the rebellion, may be found concealed in a tomb about six miles distant, and I intend to capture them. Will you go with me?' Of course I assented. At eight o'clock we started and advanced towards the tomb, which is an immense structure called Hoomagoon's tomb. In it were concealed the princes and about three thousand Mussulman adherents. In a neighboring suburb there were about three thousand more, all armed. We had in all only one hundred men, and were six miles from Delhi. We halted a short distance from the tomb, and demanded their unconditional surrender or the consequences. Half an hour passed when a messenger appeared, and said the princes wanted to know whether their lives would be spared if they came out. 'Unconditional surrender!' was the answer. We waited again, full of anxiety as to the probable result. We did not want to resort to force, knowing all would thereby be lost. Loud cries were heard from the fanatics, who, we afterwards learned, begged the princes to be led against us. Finally the messenger once more appeared, and reported that they would come out. We sent ten men to escort them, and stretched our other men across the way ready to shoot them down at once if any attempt

were made for their liberation. They soon appeared upon a small Hindoo wagon, behind them being the three thousand Mussulmans. We rode up to them; they bowed, and Captain Hodson commanded them to march on. This was a dangerous movement. We advanced with the ninety remaining men, and the rebels fell back slowly and reluctantly. The ten riders were then commanded to take charge of the princes, while we held back the crowd which gathered in the immense garden. Hodson now ordered them to lay down their arms. Raising himself high in his saddle, he took aim and cried, 'The first one who refuses is a dead man,' and God only knows why, but every one obeyed the command."

"But why did you disarm them when you already had their leaders?" inquired Martin.

"To gain time; otherwise we would not have dared to risk our lives with them. Besides, if they had remained with the princes they would certainly have attacked us and united with the other three thousand in the suburbs. We could then never have succeeded in cutting our way through. We were two hours gathering up their weapons, fearing every moment that they would fall upon us. I said nothing; smoked my pipe complacently, and appeared as unconcerned as possible, which, in fact, I was, as life was a mat-

ter of indifference to me. But we were now ninety against six thousand, so many more having from time to time joined us. At length we marched forward, retaining the princes until we were near Delhi. The crowd increased around us with more and more of menace in their mien. 'What shall we do?' said Captain Hodson. 'I believe it would be better to shoot them at once, or we shall never get them into the city.' We had established their identity, and knew we had the right men. Their names you know; they were Mirza Mogul, the king's nephew, and chief of the rebellion; Mirza Kishere Sultamet, a chief notorious for his atrocity towards women and children, and Abu Bukr, nominally the general, and presumptive heir to the throne. He was the demon who mutilated our women in the streets, cut in pieces their children, and then forced the mothers to drink their blood. This is literally true. There was no time to lose. We therefore halted and placed five of our riders across each way. Then Captain Hodson deliberately shot down every one of the princes with his own hand. A moment's hesitation on his part would have delivered us over to the rabble. As it was, they were so stunned with the prompt, energetic action that they slowly and silently slunk away. Suddenly we observed a man in

gorgeous raiment run across a field. It proved to be the king's favorite eunuch, with whose horrid deeds we were all familiar. In another moment the world was rid of this monster also. Captain Hodson had the dead bodies conveyed to Delhi, and displayed them upon the very spot where, four months previously, our women had been murdered. Alas! we could not bring these dear ones back to life."

All listened with intensest interest to the recital, as the scenes just described touched them very nearly. Of his later years, Uncle Curt related but little. It appeared that after he had given up all hope of finding his family, he had become partially insane from grief and disappointment. At any rate he had either solicited or received his dismissal from the army, and had lived upon a pension. Probably he had not been all the while in India; at least the call of the king of Prussia in July, 1870, found him in Italy, his wife's native land. The call to arms awakened his patriotism. "Father-land," was the one string in his heart which had not been touched for many years, but which now resounded in its fullest tone. "Germany in danger, threatened by its natural enemy!" No German, no soldier could hear this cry without flying on eagles' wings to her succor. While Uncle Curt stood

in the rank and file of the army, death reaped a frightful harvest; but he escaped the grim destroyer. He lay a long time in the military hospital, until, yielding to a desire to visit his home, he had returned thither.

Had God still thoughts of peace towards this hardened warrior, when he spared his little Angela and restored her to him again? The bond which united this brother to his little jewel seemed to Martin to make him dearer even than the ties of blood. He had been a wild boy, and cared little for his parents or brother. All this repressed love had been concentrated upon his wife and children, and even now the Wallerbergs observed with pain, that he was utterly unconscious of having sinned against his God or his parents, and that he knew nothing of the peace which comes to troubled hearts from the bosom of everlasting love.

But there was one star at his side, that silently pointed him to the Savior of the world in every word and action of her beautiful young Christian life.

"Did you have no premonition," asked Curt, "that you were educating my daughter?"

"Not the least," replied Martin; "she does not resemble you in any respect."

"Fortunately not; the boy was my image,

but she is like her mother. I wanted to name her Annunciata, but I remembered the last parting look of my mother, and we called her Angela."

Angela—Angel—will you indeed be the good angel that shall direct your father heavenward? Time flies; and "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."



XVIII.

“NOT myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.”

IT is Spring once more at Wallerberg. The old lindens before the castle are beginning to bloom again, while myriads of busy bees and gay butterflies swarm in their branches all the day long. Jocund laughter rings through the house and garden. Wallerberg has never been so gay.

But in the beautiful rose-month of June, the sad tidings of Uncle Henry Stieg's death came and threw a gloom over all hearts. Tears flowed fast, but all felt their loss was his blessed, eternal gain. Henry Stieg had, humanly speaking, worked himself to death. He had not wrought great or brilliant achievements, but his whole life had been one of consecrated devotion to the Lord. A pupil, writing of his death, said: “It was simple and lovely as his life.” He had gone to a distant mela to preach, intending

to return home on foot, as other means of travel were expensive, and he could not spare the money from his fakir hospital. He started alone. A Hindoo, tending his cow by the wayside, had seen the sahib suddenly stagger and fall, while a stream of blood issued from his mouth. He did not speak a single word. The terrified natives who lived near ran to his assistance, but when they reached him his spirit had flown.

The physicians decided that it was not sun-stroke, but apoplexy. His remains were carried to an adjacent house, and there was great lamentation. Every body loved one who had loved them all so well, and all were anxious to serve one who had so unselfishly served them. At the funeral, which took place the same day, thousands were present, both Christians and heathen, and the cries of the latter could not be suppressed.

"God be praised," said Martin. "He had many conflicts in life, but there was no conflict in his death. Like Enoch, he walked with God, and was not, for God took him. What a beautiful ending of a beautiful life!"

Margaret Gendenberg wept. No one knew so well as she did the struggles and self-renunciations of this noble man's life.

After a few days more letters arrived from

India. Pastor Stieg had been buried beside his sister, and the Hindoos and Mohammedans, who had so richly experienced proofs of his love, had made a god of him, going to his grave as to a shrine, besides carrying the sick thither and offering sacrifices. Every Thursday the grave was covered with little lamps, and until midnight idolatrous services were kept up.

"What will become of us?" lamented the pupils. "We are as sheep having no shepherd. They say another Padre can not be sent to us, as there is a great want of them. Alas! must every thing he has planted only wither and perish?"

Yes, what would become of them? was the question that stirred all hearts at Wallerberg. In the evening, as the mother, daughter, and son walked together in the garden, Margaret said:

"My dear children, I must unburden my heart to you. You must go back to India."

Martin and Anna looked at each other expressively. Had they also cherished such thoughts?

"You must go," continued the mother; "the way has become clear. Yonder a great field of labor awaits you. You can leave the estate here in your brother's charge. It is really his own; but he can not enter wholly upon its duties unless he is sole master. Responsibility will force

him to exertion, and this will be his best medicine. You have overcome the greatest difficulties, being familiar with the language and accustomed to the climate. Your people are waiting for you. There is your calling, and you dare not shirk the duty."

"Mother," replied Martin, earnestly, "we have already decided that it is God's will. The only trial in it is to leave our children."

"Yes, that is hard, very hard; they must all remain here. Leave them with me, and I shall feel as though an old woman can still be of use in the world," said Margaret, consolingly.

They talked a long time together. They were Christians who did not want to have their own way, but desired sincerely to obey God's will. At present full joy was not the question. That is a feeling which ebbs and flows, but they recognized this call to return to India as a clear indication of Providence, to which they must submit; and it gave to their resolution assurance and confidence, as well as cheerfulness to execute the same.

Very differently, however, did their friends view the affair. The captain stormed and raged at first, and declared if they went he would not stay. But after calmer discussion and further consideration, he was convinced that it would be the best thing for himself and daughter.

"If I remain here," said Martin, "we shall both live only half a life; for there is really only work enough for one man. But you here as manager of the estate, and I in India as pastor and missionary, we shall each have a distinct calling in which all the strength that belongs to earnest men will be required."

But upon one point Curt was firm. Martin's children should remain with him, and their grandmother should take up her residence here entirely. This was satisfactory to all. Angela needed a mother's care, and the boys required their uncle's guidance. Besides, the villagers felt it was a great privilege to have Mrs. Gendenberg with them. Then, too, it did not escape Anna and Martin that their sweet Christian mother was exercising an ennobling influence upon this gloomy man. Verily they could go confidently, for God had made all the paths straight.

But how did Aunt Hesse regard this contemplated journey? It was the greatest shock of her life.

"This romantic idea about India has embittered my whole life," she groaned, "and now I had thought I would have peace."

"It is no romantic idea, dear aunt," rejoined Martin, "but a serious reality. There is no illusion about it to us. We are perfectly well

acquainted with the people and country, and know just what awaits us. We also know what we give up here, and what we leave behind us."

"Yes, 'raven-parents'* you are," continued the old lady, and every ribbon on her cap seemed to reiterate energetically "raven-parents." "You have four children, and leave them to the care of strange people while you go to train heathen children, which is none of your business. But my sister did the same thing; her daughter wanted to follow her example, and now the grandchild is infatuated."

"You see, dear aunt," said Anna soothingly, "we can not do otherwise."

"Why can't you remain here?"

"Because it is not God's will. He commands us to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and we must go."

"Very well, then you can work here in the cause of domestic missions just as well," cried the old lady, exultantly. "There is enough to do. Only a few days ago my attention was directed to a new enterprise in Berlin where there is great need of assistants. Thirty thousand young women annually come to Berlin for em-

*The ravens are said to desert their young; hence in Germany, when parents neglect their children, they are called raven-parents, by way of reproach.

ployment, and many of them go astray, and do not know God. A few Christians have erected a building called Amelia's Home, where these young women are lodged, and learn various trades, as well as enjoy the home comforts of a Christian family. I could suffer you to go there. You would find destitution enough and heathen enough, I warrant you."

"Blessings on that home," responded Martin. "I have heard of it, and know the necessity of rescuing these young girls before it is too late. I know, too, that poverty will be on the increase, and that thousands here live like heathen. I also know that the social question will come before us so threateningly that to answer it in the proper way and to solve it with distinctness will demand all the strength of those who love God and their fellow men. But I am thoroughly convinced that it is my duty and my wife's to go to India to our forsaken congregation. There is a sad lack of missionaries. My place is vacant. God has relieved me of duties here. His Word points out the way to us directly which we are to take. Whatever sacrifice it may demand we must yield it and go."

For a moment Aunt Hesse was silent. Suddenly she said;

"You always want to offer sacrifice, for it is

a sacrifice to leave your children; but you forget it is written, 'to *obey* is better than sacrifice.'"

"Dear aunt, I have never yet offered a sacrifice," exclaimed Anna, self-reprovingly. "Every thing I have done and will do is simple *obedience*."

"Then, too, you apply the text falsely, aunt," continued Martin. "We are not released from sacrifice when we are exhorted to obey. The meaning is, obedience shall light our way, and guide us even in sacrifice. God knows this is no self-chosen sacrifice."

The controversy was thereby broken off; but Aunt Hesse, though silenced, was not convinced. She regarded their purpose as a direct personal disregard of her opinions, and for several days appeared among them without speaking a word to any one.

The children looked at it very differently. Angela grew pale, and a bitter conflict waged within her. The other children cried, and then were comforted by the thought of joining their parents when they grew up. Curt said:

"Papa, it is right. I always thought you should go to your people after Uncle Henry's death. I will study hard, and soon come to help you."

"God bless you, my son. That shall be a promise," replied the father, with emotion; and

the prospect was indeed to him a beautiful one, suggested as it had been by his beloved first-born.

Meanwhile the little ones soon forgot the anticipated departure of their parents, since it was not to occur to-day or to-morrow. They would not leave for a few weeks, in order to reach India at the beginning of the cold season. Margaret did not advise them to linger, for she well knew it would only intensify the pain at parting.

But Knoll, good, faithful Knoll, will you go to India? Martin asked him if he would accompany them again. He realized how useful he could be to them, but did not want to urge him unduly. After Knoll had arisen from his state of astonishment, and it must be confessed, somewhat of disgust, Martin said finally:

"No, my dear fellow, you *must* not go.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but one must not *must*. Does Lady Wallerberg go with you?"

"Certainly, Knoll."

Knoll sank into a deep reverie, which Martin interrupted with an assurance of his perfect independence.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the faithful servant, finally; "I never do things by halves. If I am good for a penny I am good for a dollar, and also, I will have the honor. It is decided. I go, sir."

"Consider it well, dear Knoll; the necessity—"

"Ah, what necessity? I don't do any thing for necessity, but for a long time feelings have been struggling within me— When do we start, sir?"

"You are a true, faithful soul," said Martin. "The first time we searched for one lost brother; now, I trust, we shall seek and find many."

Knoll bowed. He understood the allusion; but poetry obtained the mastery, and his next act was to put into verse the sentiments awakened upon the anticipation of another departure from his native land.



XIX.

"'T is thus they press the hand and part,
Thus have they bid farewell again;
Yet still they commune, heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain."

THE hours and moments for our friends to be together were gradually lessening, and the week had arrived in which they were to separate. A mild Summer's evening was descending on the earth. Every thing was still. All the family sat in the parlor, the windows which looked into the garden being opened. The rosy verbenas peered out of their hundred eyes at the dark group of trees whose leaves hung listlessly, without a breath of air to stir them. It seemed as though every flower and tree unconsciously exhaled a sweeter perfume upon this eventful occasion. As it is without, so it is within. All are silent. Not a word is spoken. The oft quoted proverb, "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," is not verified to-day; for these hearts are overflowing, but find

no expression. Still, like the sweet inspiring odors from without, a hallowed influence pervades these dear ones. God is present.

Anna sits in the midst of her children, who vie with each other in offering little services of love. It will be a long time before they shall be together again. To-morrow morning the travelers leave for India. Margaret is more resigned than any; she is the happiest among them. She sees life as a journey to a goal, and knows that the people of India are as near this central point as are the inhabitants of Wallerberg village. Aunt Hesse shakes her head as if to say, "I knew how it would be at the last, but they would not listen to me."

The captain clasps his daughter all the more closely, lest by some chance he should lose her again. Martin goes to the organ and opens it. At first his fingers sweep listlessly over the keys, but soon a melody is shapen which seems to be the voice of God, saying to each heart: "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The music ceases for a few moments, then begins anew. With a master's power the dead instrument is transformed into a thing of life, and such melody is rarely heard!

Now he pours out his soul's grief, then like soft angelic voices comes the response as if from the realms above, and finally the mighty God utters his sublime voice, saying: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Hearts throb in joyful unison, and can only praise and pray. The music ceases, but its spell lingers. The captain rises, and says, with emotion:

"Martin, how wonderful! I can never hope to express myself like that, for I am a soldier; but I could not help thinking how such music would banish my sinful thoughts if I could only breath forth its harmony as you are able to do."

The spell is now broken, and a pleasant evening passes only too quickly. Anna puts her children to bed for the last time. They do not know their parents are to leave in the morning; they are to be spared this pain of parting; but father and mother stand a long time at these bedsides.

Morning dawned. The dew lay like innumerable tears upon the grass. It promises to be a lovely day. The travelers are ready and their hearts are still. One more look at the little ones!

"You little rose-bud, darling Anna, may you be like your mother," says Martin. Next is

precious Margaret, the pearl. She sleeps soundly and the warm tears and fond kisses do not awaken her. Soon the dear parents will be gone.

Then they go up stairs, and visit the boy's room.

"O my God! I did not think this would so rend my heart," groaned the poor mother.

"Do not be long," said the grandmother, tenderly.

"My Martin, my little sunbeam! Curt, my noble son, my first-born!"

Suddenly Anna feels the clasp of little arms, and the boy says:

"Mamma, I knew it, but do not weep; I will take care of the little ones and will soon come to you. I have promised papa that I will soon come."

Angela had the best comfort.

"Mamma," she said, "I know now that we are never wholly unhappy if we only do God's will."

"No, no, my child," replied the grandmother, with her gentle voice; "*I know* we are only wholly happy when we do God's will."

Anna bowed assentingly.

"You keep our best and dearest here," said Martin, earnestly. "God, whom we all love

and serve, bless you here and us there. Farewell."

The carriage rolls away. A white signal waves from the balcony as far as the eye can reach.

Farewell! Farewell!



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